CLEAN WATER DOWN THE DRAIN **DAVID ZWICK**

THE NATION

AUGUST 14-21, 1976 *50 cents*

URUGUAY: THE ORIENTAL REPUBLIC **Rose Styron**

Mary Ellen Leary
CALIFORNIA'S NUCLEAR INITIATIVE
The Best Possible Defeat

Paul Blumberg
STATUS IS NOT POWER
The New Academic Proletariat

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LETTERS

thanks to Kay Boyle

Novato, Calif.
Congratulations on the splendid article about the brutality of the political repression in Iran, written by Kay Boyle in your March 6th issue. How ironic that the United States is celebrating its 200th year of freedom while supporting a government such as that in Iran, which holds in contempt the freedom of its people! *Jean MacKellar*

furnace repair

Washington, D.C.
I would like to let Mr. William Wilkerson [letter, *The Nation*, May 22, regarding Robert Sherrill's "The Furnace Gadget You Can't Buy"], know that I have introduced legislation to cure some of the abuses in voluntary industrial standards-setting practices.

The bill, S.3555, requires the Federal Trade Commission to set up due process requirements for standards-setting groups, and to guarantee the right of appeal when certification is denied. While we might prefer to see a disinterested, publicly accountable standards-setting body (e.g., the National Bureau of Standards), I don't think the political climate would stand for that at this moment.

Those interested in a fuller description of the legislation can obtain a copy of the analysis by writing to the Antitrust Subcommittee. I hope that this relieves some of the frustrations people felt upon reading Robert Sherrill's article of May 1.

One of the few satisfactions of being a U.S. Senator is that, once in a great while, there is something I can do about a systematic abuse of the public trust. I hope that this legislation is successful. *Sen. James Abourezk*

understanding Sullivan

New York City
In your issue of June 26 appears a review by Martin Lebowitz of A.H. Chapman's *Harry Stack Sullivan: The Man and His Work.*

Although I have not read Chapman's book, I did know Sullivan, and am well acquainted with his works. Lebowitz and Chapman have many true things to say about Sullivan, but Harry Stack would turn over in his grave to hear himself described as the author of a psychology of common sense. Common-sense psychology is based on the notion of "the unique individual *me*," while Sullivan was interested in scientific psychiatry based on one's common humanity, described by him as "one of the most difficult of human performances. . . ." *(The Interpersonal Theory of Psychiatry.)*

As to his scientific attitude being that of empiricism, he had this to say: "When I talk about a scientific approach I mean something about as far from empiricism as the mind will go—something precise, something capable of formulation, with a varying range of probability." *(Interpersonal Theory.)*

Although Sullivan refers to "parataxic distortions" in some writings, they are not mentioned in *The Interpersonal Theory of Psychiatry*. Parataxic distortions are only one form of experience in the parataxic mode of experience, which for Sullivan was both positive and negative, and was of a sort that could not be "consensually validated." And, incidentally, he did not mean by this term "social approval" but, rather, when words mean the same thing to both the hearer and the listener. Furthermore, parataxic distortions were for Sullivan not at all "occasions on which the patient reacts to the therapist as though he were someone else from the patient's past," although such a reaction could be a parataxic distortion. . . . *Ralph M. Crowley, M.D.*
Fellow Emeritus, William Alanson White Institute of Psychiatry, Psychoanalysis and Psychology

EDITORIALS

Comic Relief

It doesn't take seven-league boots to steal a march on Gerald R. Ford. People have been outsmarting the hapless President all his life. So the amazingly cynical Schweiker coup by Ronald Reagan should not have been that much of an eye opener for him.

If this extraordinary maneuver did not involve the Presidency itself, it could appropriately be kicked around in the boffo style of a scriptwriter's gag conference for a comedy show. It is a good laugh, revealing in a flash the total emptiness of the Reagan campaign and, beyond that, the shallowness of the whole "conservative" movement in this country.

William F. Buckley Jr., the Right's triple-dome, has defended the Schweiker ploy as Reagan's "adaptation to reality." George F. Will, a less fancy and generally sounder conservative journalist, has credited Reagan with "an impeccable excuse: desperation." Realistic desperation certainly prompted Reagan's boarding-house reach all the way across the Republican spectrum to its Leftmost fringe. California's white knight had to do something to break out of the stalemate in which he seemed to be locked, so he risked all in that one bold move.

The conventional wisdom immediately declared that it would never work. The same journalists who used to claim that Jimmy Carter's apparent lack of a "self-deprecatory sense of humor" might trip him in the stretch crowed over Reagan's cynicism and saw its failure in the glacial drift of delegates to and fro. But ten days after the old actor discovered his "compatibility" with a Senator with 100 per cent pro-labor rating and the same ADA ranking as Senator McGovern (who promptly declared that Schweiker was "compatible" with him), the thing to note was that there really had not been much shifting one way or the other in the GOP delegate ranks. The "uncommitted" hung in there, their numbers almost unchanged.

These worthies have a hard choice to make in a year when fortune smiles on the reunited Democrats (Carter now has a 2-to-1 margin in the polls over either Ford or Reagan). They must choose between Nixon's heir, the "nice" Jerry, who stumbles, and Reagan, a "good campaigner" whose political views, assuming he has any, are badly out of phase with those of the great majority of Americans. They must know in their hearts, to dig up the Goldwater phrase of 1964, that Ford and Reagan are really Siamese twins on such matters as the "social issue." Ford acts ultraconservatively but talks "mainstream." Reagan talks a good reactionary line but as Governor moved in the "mainstream." So what is there to make a delegate go for either Dum or Dee of the Tweedle brothers?

There are two possible answers. One would be the better hope of victory in November, but that cannot be too lively a factor, given the polls. The more powerful one is the future control of the rapidly drying bones of the GOP. The bulk of the party's energy and money lies in its ideological right wing. It seems likely that these

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sophisticated types will suffer no shock from the Schweiker caper, recognizing it as a calculated move to seize control of the party by grabbing enough delegates to win the nomination. Who cares about the Vice Presidency?

The cynical right-wingers' prayer will be that Reagan will get away with the Schweiker maneuver and capture the flag for their faction. The pliant Pennsylvanian will then be as disposable as a tissue. Only people like the members of the Ripon Society (which has begged Ford not to name the eager John Connally as his running mate, saying it would be like nominating Rose Mary Woods, thus providing "a dramatic instant replay of Watergate") care about the symbolism of a Vice Presidential choice, and they have become increasingly isolated and anguished as the Republicans' rival leaders rabbit-punch their way to Kansas City.

Lies in a Bad Cause

The rewriting of the history of the Nixon administration has been going on for some time now, in a stealthy sort of way. The case is a hard one to make directly, and until the former President publishes his million-dollar memoirs it is doubtful that anyone will tackle the matter head-on.

The main device currently employed by the aspiring revisionists is the *tu quoque* defense. The most assiduous worker in this genre is *The New York Times*'s resident verbal gymnast, William Safire, who has been busy for months at the job of trying to pin the "everybody does it" label on former Atty. Gen. Ramsey Clark.

It must be said that Safire, along with some of his colleagues from the Nixon White House who now earn their livings with their pens, has had a certain success. Not with the substance of their charge—that Ramsey Clark charted the paths of domestic intelligence and citizen harassment which Nixon & Co. simply carried on—for that would require greater creative powers than any of them possesses. The facts are not there to help them and even this kind of revisionist history needs an underpinning of established fact.

But these false charges against Ramsey Clark have been picked up in quarters which once would not have touched them—for instance in *The New Republic*. In a recent editorial virtually endorsing Daniel Patrick Moynihan in the New York Senate primary contest (where Clark is also a candidate), that magazine called Clark "the architect and overseer of some surveillance and domestic intelligence plans that were preludes of John Mitchell's notorious enterprises."

This line, the reader will recall, is quite a switch (notably so for *The New Republic*). Nixon used to campaign in 1968, beginning at the Republican Convention in Miami, with the promise that he would replace Ramsey Clark as Attorney General. (For some reason that pledge got

Notice to Our Readers

The Nation is publishing on its summer schedule. The next issue will be dated August 28.

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him wild applause, though history shows no case where an Attorney General of one party was kept on in the other party's incoming administration.) Clark was said to be the very symbol of "permissive" (i.e., constitutional) law enforcement. Republicans chortled and applauded when J. Edgar Hoover labeled Clark a "jellyfish." But now these neo-libertarian neo-conservatives would have us believe that Nixon and Hoover were all wrong about Lyndon Johnson's Attorney General; that, in truth, he was the originator of all those techniques of domestic espionage and repression which were the hallmark of the six dark Nixon years. They can't have it both ways, and history will show that Nixon and Hoover were right the first time; that Clark was a decent and constitutionally scrupulous enforcer of the laws.

Hoover, of course, had many reasons for hating Clark. Among his offenses were repeated refusals to authorize "national security" wiretaps requested by Hoover (FDR's Attorney General Francis Biddle had turned down just one). Clark rejected scores which had as their targets, among others, Martin Luther King Jr., the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, H. Rap Brown, Eldridge Cleaver, Fred Hampton, the Black Panther Party, and the offices of an outfit organizing the demonstrations against the Democratic Convention in Chicago in 1968.

In a report released by the Nixon administration itself it is shown that Clark approved a substantially smaller number of national security wiretaps than any other Attorney General who served between 1945 and 1972. His reluctance to tap, and his constant rebuffs of Hoover's demands, had a curious and beneficent by-product. According to sources cited in the Church committee's investigation of intelligence, Hoover's refusal to go along with Nixon's "Huston" plan for total intelligence and repression was based largely on his experience of being blocked in tapping by Attorney General Clark.

Clark's record in the Department of Justice, first as a subordinate and then as its chief, is full of other examples of his serious concern for civil liberties and civil rights in the exercise of the powers of law enforcement by the federal government. For instance, he briskly closed the books on the Judith Coplon case, seventeen years after the event—his predecessors having avoided the act lest it arouse the anti-Communist zealots in Congress. He was outspoken in defense of the Supreme Court's *Miranda* decision when that was not popular. He opposed as repressive the District of Columbia's "stop and frisk" legislation. Twice he refused to enforce IRS summonses against SNCC because "it looked like a political thing." He authorized the Poor People's march to use federal facilities ("Resurrection City") and he successfully resisted White House and Pentagon attempts to revoke a peace march permit and to authorize the use of tear gas against the marchers. He devised peacekeeping procedures, in cooperation with local police agencies, which led Quinn Tamm, then head of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, to say that Clark had "done more for local law enforcement than any other Attorney General I know."

It is the Interdepartmental Information Unit (IDIU), set up in 1967 to deal with the growing civil disturbances of the late 1960s, that the Safirists have lit on as their best evidence that Ramsey Clark was the original represser. It was "infamous" and "power-abusive," Nixon's former speech writer keeps writing; "a plan to spy on dissidents." In truth it was no such thing; it had no operational capability at all. All it did, in Clark's day, was collect and evaluate information on possible civil disturbances, 90 per cent of which came originally from the FBI. It was designed to make up for the nearly total uselessness of FBI domestic "intelligence" and to improve a "system" which sent regular Army airborne troops into rioting Detroit in 1967 with only an Esso road map to guide their deployment.

The IDIU under Clark had only a passive and highly limited capability. The Rockefeller Commission on Intelligence of 1975 was simply wrong when it called the IDIU "secret." Its activities were described in the Attorney General's annual report for fiscal 1967 and in Clark's year-end report on his department to the President, which the latter promptly made public. The trouble began when Johnson, finding Justice's funds and facilities too limited to produce the required logistic and predictive intelligence (what urban ghetto would blow next?), handed the job to the Army, which then started a "civil disturbance" intelligence program whose disastrous results were chronicled by the Ervin Committee in 1970.

But it was under Nixon that the IDIU and the other agencies working on domestic intelligence were ideologized and made the instruments of thoroughly illegal and unconstitutional repression. The record of that corruption of Clark's information-gathering unit is now clear and well documented. There is no way around that fact for the Safires of this world—except to try to pin the label on Ramsey Clark. That effort depends on a distortion of the record which amounts to plain lying.

It is bad enough that this attempt aims to blacken the reputation of a distinguished public man, Ramsey Clark. It is even worse in its effort to rewrite the record of the most disgraceful and ominous administration in this country's history. Most Americans will not be fooled by this grotesque distortion of the record of Ramsey Clark and of a whole sad period in our national life. And one need not recall Clark's service as a volunteer counsel in the Kent State, Berrigan and Attica cases, after he left the government, to know that he was no late convert to the cause of decent and constitutional government.

FRANK J. DONNER

Power to Ruin

The ways of power—and Power—in this country are often as mysterious as the ways an ancient river carves its course through the land. The river we have in mind is the New River which, over millions of years (some geologists think it may be the world's oldest river), cut its channels through some of the most beautiful unspoiled land in the Blue Ridge Mountains. The power company which wants to dam and ruin it is American Electric Power, a New York holding company for a parcel of regional power companies.

There is every conceivable argument against this proj-

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ect, and they are not just the standard ecological ones. One of them is a simple matter of energy conservation—the power company's proposal would require four units of electricity to pump water up to storage levels where it would be kept for release at peak-load generating times, when it would produce three units of electricity. (The oddities of utility-rate economics are involved here.)

The interesting thing about the power (in the political sense) in the New River matter is that virtually all the powers that be are against the plan to dam it and thus displace some 3,000 farm people, despoil this beautiful area and gain a short-term financial advantage for a huge utility (silting in the reservoirs would restrict the gains to perhaps three decades, but the damage done would last forever). No politician or official body in North Carolina is for it. President Ford and Ronald Reagan and Jimmy Carter are all against it. Both houses of Congress have voted to block it. The only organizations for it are the Federal Power Commission and the power company, plus the AFL-CIO, which sees jobs in constructing the dam.

But these three were strong enough in 1974 to stop final legislation putting parts of the New River in the National Wildlife and Scenic Rivers System, despite the favorable vote in both bodies of Congress. They did this by lobbying the House Rules Committee to block the bill's progress toward enactment. They are at it again this summer. The only hope to save the river and the people along its banks and to stop this wasteful "energy" project lies in counterpressure on Rules Committee members and on the House leadership. The power now is in their hands and a letter to Speaker Carl Albert or Majority Leader Thomas O'Neill would help.

The Higher Burglary

Jerry Ducote, who served as deputy sheriff in Santa Clara County, California, for ten years, and was one-time county chairman of the Young Republicans and member of the John Birch Society, has pleaded guilty to burglarizing the headquarters of the United Farm Workers in Delano. He admits having committed some sixteen similar burglaries of offices of what he calls "left-wing" organizations, but the statute of limitations has run out on those offenses. He got caught while burglarizing the UFW headquarters, hence his guilty plea.

Ducote contends that he was paid to commit the burglary by a named Delano grape grower, formerly a member of the State Board of Agriculture, and by a prominent Salinas lettuce grower; they deny his assertions. His original venture in extracurricular burglaries—a nocturnal break-in at the San Jose Peace Center—was undertaken, so he has testified, at the request of the Western Research Foundation of San Francisco, which maintains a "security pool" of possible subversives, used by such large corporations as Southern Pacific, Pacific Gas & Electric, Lockheed Aircraft, and Standard Oil of California to screen prospective employees. On two occasions, he says, he met with CIA agents to show them documents he had stolen from the offices of *Ramparts* magazine in San Francisco. The burglary of the UFW headquarters set back the union's efforts to organize a national grape boycott by six months.

Says Ducote: "There was great turmoil in the 1960s. I felt these people were working with the Soviet Union and destroying our system." He feels now that the threat of subversion may be "somewhat past." In a plea to reduce bail from $100,000, his attorney argued that Ducote may have had some "misguided political motivations" but that his was not "the usual type of criminality." The Assistant District Attorney replied that "The American way of life was more threatened by Mr. Ducote's activities than by any petty burglar who breaks into somebody's house, not to steal information, not to steal ideas, but to steal money."

His type of criminality is not at all uncommon in the large-scale farming counties of California. Some forty-odd volumes of testimony taken by the LaFollette Committee in 1939 and 1940 provide abundant documentation for the proposition that the state's factory-farm employers have long conspired with local law-enforcement officials to deny collective bargaining rights to farm workers. Obviously this illegal conspiratorial collaboration has not ceased. And it may be expected to continue until the large employers of farm labor in California and their major industrial and financial allies finally decide to accept in good faith the unionization of their employees as a fact of life. That day has not yet dawned, but it seems to be drawing near.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

Center of the World

Much has been reported recently of the remarkable response of the Chinese to overwhelming, uncontrollable, natural disaster. In the face of earthquake or volcanic eruption, typhoon or plague, it is not surprising that a social fabric crumples. But not in China. According to returned foreigners (the Chinese are not given to talking about themselves or their problems), there has been no panic but utter control, self-possession and, most extraordinarily, constructive action and rational response to alleviate suffering. "Are you all right, American friends?"; "Hold hands and follow me"; distribution of food, water and tents to embassies and in public parks—such was the order of the day.

To what may we attribute such extraordinary composure amid chaos and death? For one thing, the Chinese have determined to understand and predict the earthquakes to which their land is subject. In considerable degree they have been successful, and thus have gained a sense of control over their fate that does much to forestall panic. It should also be said that in recent times the people of China have been taught obedience and to engage themselves in mass enterprises at short notice. They move mountains, so it is no impossible task for them to move large populations. Not everyone sees this national control and direction as the highest expression of political organization, but in a time of great peril it is brilliantly effective. Beyond and before that, the Chinese are an ancient people, one whose historic self-image was as the center of the world. They are proud and they are generous. They are not, perhaps, the center of the world, but they have set it a considerable example.

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STATUS IS NOT POWER

THE NEW ACADEMIC PROLETARIAT

PAUL BLUMBERG

An important gathering of New York intellectuals took place early this summer in Manhattan. It was held on West 90th Street, at the local office of the State Unemployment Insurance Department, where dazed faculty from closed-down City University of New York showed up, at their union's advice, to file claims for unemployment insurance. All year the university had limped from crisis to crisis, a victim of New York City's financial condition: budget cuts, layoffs, workload increases, the threat of a four-week payless furlough. Then on May 27 came the climax of a year of chaos as Mayor Abraham Beame announced that CUNY had simply run out of money and that faculty and staff would not receive their May paychecks. The following day Chancellor Robert J. Kibbee announced the indefinite closing of the university.

It was indeed a strange scene, this spectacle of middle-class professionals waiting in long lines to file their unemployment claims. They should have been wearing caps and gowns as they assembled behind the notice that said to stand behind the white line until your turn comes: it would have made a good Ingmar Bergman dream (or nightmare) sequence.

Perhaps out of bureaucratic convenience, perhaps out of social-class consideration, unemployment officials had set up a little segregated enclave where the academic supplicants awaited their call for a short personal interview after completing the forms. Thus arranged, the academics were neatly isolated from the other applicants in the office, the *real* unemployeds. (It was surprising how few blacks there were in the *real* unemployment section. One assumed that blacks would predominate here, but then one realized that recipients of unemployment insurance constitute the elite of the down and out. Anyone coming to the unemployment office these days has had a job recently, or hasn't yet exhausted his or her benefits. The bottom now are not on unemployment insurance, of course, but on welfare.)

In their segregated enclave, some academics chatted, discussing the CUNY situation sagely or pseudo-sagely; others sat quietly alone with their thoughts or their magazines or their books, while still others milled about, helping newcomers by directing them to the proper lines and the proper forms. The general mood seemed compounded of many elements: embarrassment and confusion (especially when first entering the office); disbelief that "things have really come to this," as one woman said to a friend she met there; subdued amusement at the whole preposterous predicament; but finally, alarm and anxiety and the irrepressible feeling that this was the start of something big—and bad.

There was, in fact, a pathetic quality about this scene of professors herded together in the corner of this unemployment office. Almost everybody looked bad. Was it the fluorescent lighting, the drabness of the office, the way people were dressed, or the social situation? Suddenly, the intellectual superstructure of their lives was reduced to this: to be regimented and kept waiting for an hour to be called by a bureaucrat behind a desk. Forty years of unemployment insurance in the United States has not erased the stigma which still associates the whole thing with charity, begging and weakness. Paylessness, regardless of cause or social class, tends to pull out the props from under one's self-respect. Suddenly, all the glamour and dignity associated with their professorial presence in the classroom and on campus, associated with their degrees and their titles, melted away. Significantly, when called, everyone was addressed as Mr. or Mrs. or Miss, no one as Doctor or Professor. Suddenly, the significance of all their impressive academic training and their scholarly publications in respectable journals faded before the simple fact of their utter dependence upon men of wealth and property and power for their daily bread. Suddenly, in this scene of professors lined up for money, the fundamental powerlessness of the intelligentsia became transparent.

Although everything at the university was disrupted—final examinations, grading, graduation, summer school, grant applications pending, important undelivered mail locked up—in a sense nothing was disrupted because the public was completely unaffected. The closing of an institution of 270,000 students and 25,000 faculty and staff made scarcely a ripple in the ongoing life of New Yorkers. Could any other institution in America involving nearly 300,000 persons be shut down tight with such minuscule effect? Some state Senators smugly said that it wouldn't be a bad idea at all to keep the university shut down for the whole month until the new fiscal year began. Could they say that about the transit system, sanitation collection, police and fire services, hospitals, or even the public schools? While a great university is certainly one of the highest achievements of a civilized society, it is also the least crucial in the short run for the functioning of that society. Herein lies the powerlessness of the university, the faculty and the union.

When the Transport Workers speak, everybody listens. When the Police Benevolent Association or the Fire Fighters or the Sanitationmen speak, everybody listens because they have real power and can do real damage. But who needs to listen to the professors' union, the Professional Staff Congress? A professors' strike would hardly bring the city to its knees, a point which highlights the old Marxian dictum that it is primarily the industrial working class that still carries the clout in modern society because it is the workers' labor that is uniquely indispensable for the operation of modern society.

Paul Blumberg is associate professor of sociology at Queens College, CUNY, and the author of a forthcoming article on underemployed college graduates, "The Victims of Education: College Graduates and the American Dream."

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Despite the flurry of union activity following the close of the university, the lobbying, the meetings, the rallies, vigils and demonstrations, ultimately the faculty's major weapon is moral suasion and the status that comes from representing a classy constituency. But there is no power in mere status itself. In fact, it was the union's demonstrated powerlessness, not only in this situation but all year in its inability to stop the juggernaut of budget cuts, firings, salary deferrals and the elimination of open enrollment, that produced the bickering and attacks on the leadership at union meetings following the close of the university. The unfocused anger and thrashing about at the meetings, the charges from the floor of "sellout" were essentially responses to the helplessness of the faculty to remedy the situation in which they found themselves.

For the older, tenured faculty, a visit to the unemployment office was merely a temporary case of middle-class slumming, a chance to see from the inside, for a change, a bit of the culture of the lower depths. For the younger faculty, however, the visit to the world of lower-class bum luck was perhaps their first dip into the developing intellectual proletariat. Ironically, the problems of the younger faculty began in earnest, not there on the unemployment lines, but two weeks later when the university reopened. The euphoria produced when the state legislature finally "rescued" the university, permitting distribution of overdue paychecks and funding CUNY for the next year, dissipated quickly when the faculty sobered up and realized what the legislature's rescue had cost.

Not only had open admissions and the century-old tradition of free tuition been scrapped. Worse yet, from the point of view of faculty jobs, the university budget was set at $470 million compared to $539 million last year and some $55 million less than the university's own estimate of what it would take to run CUNY this year. But worst of all, the inevitable cuts demanded by this budget could come only through mass dismissals of full-time faculty. Last year's budget had already cut nonpersonnel expenses severely. Whatever amenities CUNY faculty had once enjoyed—and these were never very great—were long gone. At most campuses, one could not even count on the basics, such as stationery in the offices, chalk in the classrooms, or even toilet paper in the bathrooms.

In addition, the demands of this budget could not be met merely by firing the "dispensable" faculty—part-timers, adjuncts without degrees, and graduate students. Thus, the inevitable next step was to dismiss full-time faculty. And now, more than 900 full-time professors at all campuses face what is euphemistically called "retrenchment," and the Chancellor predicts that in three years 2,000 will be gone. Moreover, for the first time at a major university, an undetermined number of tenured faculty face dismissal.

Job scarcity is doing what scarcity always tends to do, to bring out the best and the worst among those involved. Valiant attempts are being made to save jobs, to cut nonpersonnel expenses even further, to minimize the impact on faculty and students. At the same time, whatever cleavages exist in the university become the basis for conflict. Colleges compete with other colleges in the system for a larger slice of the remaining pie. Departments vie with other departments to save their own flock. At some campuses, administrators, instead of making across-the-board cuts, make them selectively, imposing much greater cuts on certain departments such as physical education, home economics and education, decimating them and creating a pariah mentality among the survivors.

The division between younger, insecure faculty and older, secure faculty tends also to become a basis for conflict. "If you'd retire, I'd still have a job," said one angry young man to a senior professor. The conflict of generations is heightened by the dynamics of faculty recruitment over the past decades. Older faculty joined the university when it was still largely a teaching institution, without a hot-shot emphasis on scholarship and research. In recent years, though, with its high salaries, its self-conscious attempt to boost its national reputation as a research institution, and the sellers' market in jobs, the senior colleges at CUNY have been able to pick and choose among the better young doctorates in the country. Consequently, many young faculty now facing dismissal feel their academic credentials are superior to those of many older faculty who will remain in their jobs, comfortably out of danger of retrenchment or unemployment. How unfair, some say, that seniority should prevail over merit.

With the prospect of dismissal hanging over the heads of hundreds of professors, demoralization begins to sink deep roots into the institution. Younger faculty who have played the publish-or-perish game enthusiastically but naively now find that suddenly the rules have changed and they will now publish *and* perish. Many of them are soon going to be back on the unemployment lines, but this time for real and not for a dress rehearsal, as in June.

In the golden years of higher education, from the end of World War II until about 1970, dismissal from one university meant that one pulled up stakes and put them down at another university. Academics have always been migratory laborers, but until recently, losing one job, they were always assured of another. Today, losing an academic job means not merely a move to another university but possibly a move to another occupation. Some of the Ph.D.s now waiting to get the ax may end up selling insurance, doing social work or in other occupations completely unrelated to their training or expectations. On campus, even without budgetary exigencies, the stress and tension on untenured faculty is tremendous, and the competitive atmosphere surrounding tenure is so thick you can cut it (or, preferably, your colleague's throat) with a knife. Unemployment, and underemployment rates for new Ph.D.s in all disciplines have been mounting sharply in recent years. As the number of new Ph.D.s awarded continues high and the job opportunities stagnate or decline, within the next decade we shall move into a situation, according to best estimates, where there will be some 33,000 to 40,000 new doctorates annually competing for only 3,000 to 5,000 academic jobs. In other words, up to 90 per cent of new doctorates may not secure academic employment.

At the unemployment office, one professor standing in

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line, an instructor in computer science, grumbled that his Ph.D. had cost him $250,000 (presumably in pay lost from a job he might have had if he had gone directly to work instead of to graduate school; plus tuition, expenses, etc.). He complained to the man behind him that it hadn't been worth the time, the trouble or the money.

It is true that, because of the unstructured nature of doctoral work, one can spend more years pursuing a Ph.D. than one spends in law school, dental school, or even medical school. In some fields, up to ten years of postgraduate work is not unusual for a Ph.D. The payoff in terms of dollars has always been less than in these other professions, but now the prospects are not merely for lower income but for no academic job at all at the end of the graduate-school ordeal. Whether all this will lead to bitterness toward academe, feelings of personal failure and demoralization, or political radicalism is unknown. What is known, however, is that objective conditions are moving us rapidly toward the creation of a sizable intellectual reserve army; and younger faculty are following their own students into a disastrous job market.

One young woman instructor had brought an expensive camera with her to the unemployment office. She asked another woman to take her picture, but just when the pose on the unemployment line was set up, a supervisor charged out from some office within.

"Hey, what are you doing? You can't take pictures here? Why are you taking pictures?"

The woman, embarrassed by the sudden attention, replied, "I want to send this to my mother. She won't believe what's happening to me."

"I don't care; you can't take pictures in here without permission."

Flustered, all she could say was, "Hey, this is a free country."

"Not in here it's not!" snapped the bureaucrat, ending the discussion.

And that is precisely what the emerging intellectual proletariat is beginning to discover. □

CALIFORNIA'S NUCLEAR INITIATIVE

THE BEST POSSIBLE DEFEAT

MARY ELLEN LEARY

The losers in politics, like dissenting judges in important court decisions, sometimes turn out to be long-run winners. This seems to be the case just now in California where one might have expected the 2-to-1 trouncing of the "Nuclear Safeguards Initiative," Proposition 15, to have been a demoralizing blow for environmentalists. Not so. Instead, since the June election, a series of positive responses have sprung up in the atmosphere of extraordinary public concern over nuclear safety which this ballot fight produced.

Fresh support has been generated for similar initiative campaigns in Colorado and Oregon, where the issue will be on the ballot this fall, and for a drive in Arizona which has just attracted enough signatures to lodge a nuclear power safety issue on the November ballot.

The chief consequence of the Proposition 15 fight is a change of attitude that reaches all the way to Washington, a matter of prime national importance. No longer are nuclear safety questions the preserve of high priests of the scientific world. No longer are governmental public relations assurances adequate in the face of unresolved technical problems over which even the experts differ. The California contest, with eighteen months of highly publicized debate, lively media coverage, genuine public interest, and the discovery that there are honest, basic differences of opinion among the specialists, pulled these matters into the political decision-making system where they belong and where doubts can be aired, alternatives pondered and sociopolitical and environmental consequences balanced against the demands of sheer technology.

The California campaign focused on three problem areas: reactor safety, the security of plutonium from unauthorized hands (terrorist or enemy) and the management of highly toxic wastes. Two great problems on waste disposal, the campaign revealed, are still unresolved by the scientists and by the government: whether and how to reprocess the spent reactor cores (to retrieve potentially usable residues of plutonium once the rods have exhausted their initial usefulness), and how to dispose permanently of atomic wastes in a form and a place safe for humanity through many thousands of years. In fact, one state report describes the waste as toxic "in perpetuity." All such wastes now in existence, the public learned, are in temporary containment pending the perfection of packaging and storage that some scientists claim can insure permanent safety. Serious differences among scientists over the probability of early resolution of this problem were aired during the California political campaign. There was a great increase in public concern over the nuclear fission method of obtaining electric power and of public interest in slowing down energy demands and in finding alternative energy sources. Most of all, there grew an understanding that very grave health, safety and environmental questions are involved, some of them far from being settled. "What we achieved," said one Sierra Club leader, "was a tremendous 'consciousness-raising' on the part of the public."

Proposition 15 put the citizen on the alert, not just in California but across the country, for it drew the "experts" into a public airing of problems as no other

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forum has. Safety—immediate safety, long-range safety, national safety, personal safety—will no longer be a closet question for the scientists. It has become a public issue. The proliferation of nuclear power plants everywhere must henceforth take place in the context of those questions raised in the California campaign.

"We need more of this wholesome public discussion," remarked Dr. William E. Siri, manager of the regional energy analysis program at University of California's Lawrence Radiation Laboratory. "The public must be satisfied the risks are low enough to go ahead. There is no question but that the political campaign brought the issue before the public more forcefully than before, but quite as important, it also brought it before the scientific community. Scientists are trying to come to grips with what is fact and what is fancy in this area of risks. The public debate has forced them to confront some questions that were getting too little attention."

Michael McCloskey, executive director of the Sierra Club, said the ballot issue represented "the first broad-scale effort to make nuclear power socially responsible." He predicted similar ballot efforts in all twenty states where an initiative is possible and said critics of the nuclear energy program "are going direct to the electorate" all over America.

Another consequence of the Proposition 15 struggle is a set of laws hustled through the California legislature in the effort to beat the initiative. These lodge so much authority in the California Energy Commission to pass judgment on safety matters that they amount to a fulcrum by which great pressure can be exerted on Washington. Indirectly but effectively, it can compel action on the end-of-the-line thermonuclear problems that have been pushed into the shadows for years. The assumption was that a gigantic grid of nuclear power stations would be built and set in operation, the present fifty-eight plants becoming 200 or more before it would be necessary for the government finally to resolve what to do with their highly radioactive spent cores and waste products.

How effective this California commission will be—whether an alert or a sleepy watchdog—remains to be seen. But because of the way new laws have been written, this agency will be buffeted by industry and the utilities to get going, by environmentalists and some wary economists to go carefully. Any nuclear plants in California beyond the four already built and four more well along in construction depend entirely on this state commission's affirmative finding that the federal government has developed *and demonstrated* satisfactorily safe techniques for handling the atomic waste pile and for reprocessing spent cores. The legislature gets its chance to review the commission findings, too.

The California Energy Commission thus becomes a focal point for this issue, a critical factor in the whole national approach to nuclear power. California is in a position to force the federal government to be more responsive to the dangerous complexities of nuclear energy and to bring an end to the long period of evasions, broken promises and postponements that have marked the record of the Atomic Energy Commission, predecessor to the relatively new Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC), and the Energy Research and Development Agency (ERDA).

That the California situation has already triggered a change at the federal level is suggested by an announcement on May 10 from the White House's interagency energy group, the Federal Energy Resources Council. On that date, in the very midst of the Proposition 15 campaign, the council announced that ERDA's 1977 budget for a commercial radioactive waste program will be more than quadrupled. At the same time, the council set up its first timetable for work toward the terminal storage of nuclear wastes, leading up to a pilot storage site—still unknown—which it anticipated could be in operation by 1985. Richard Maullin, chairman of the California Energy Commission, said that this was the first time the federal government brought together the whole range of nuclear-related agencies on a waste-management program. "The federal government is getting its act together," he noted. The degree of support for Proposition 15 and the immense publicity it received jolted the federal bureaucracy. "Suddenly doors are open," said a staffer on the California Assembly Committee on Resources, Land Use and Energy. "We aren't kept waiting on telephone calls to Washington. They call *us*."

The new set of California laws constitutes a new kind of balance between federal and state governments, with pressure on Washington to perform. The interested parties—industry, utilities, environmentalists, public-interest agencies and an alert, disciplined core of political activists—are snapping at the heels of the state regulatory body, pushing it and reinforcing their demands. As Tom Graff, Berkeley counsel for the Environmental Defense Fund and one of the most effective heel snappers, put it, "It will be interesting to see the state try to force the federal government to correct its mistakes, egged on by the public." "A new facet of energy federalism," Maullin called it. "We will be holding the federal government to the test."

Some, during the Proposition 15 debate, held that a constitutional bar exists against intervention by a state government in the nuclear energy field. State action was null, it was argued, since the federal government had pre-empted authority over atomic fission operations. It is still widely assumed that this constitutional issue will wend its way through the courts. But environmentalist lawyers contend a state has very broad say over its own land use, when it comes to power plant siting; and federal law affirms a state's responsibility for the system reliability of any electric power plant, whatever the energy source. At any rate, NRC and ERDA have been quick with promises of cooperation. They are not acting as if federal authority had pre-empted the field. Informational exchanges have been started. Washington is stepping livelier, with California calling the tune. The election atmosphere doubtless has something to do with this change of style.

The new California laws aim to get at three safety problems. Discussion during the campaign often centered on reactor safety. This concern was considerably blunted by the industry's record of no operational fatalities and

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by its account of redundant safety systems. However, technicians in the field kept warning that human error cannot be discounted when radiation hazards are being weighed and that some narrow misses already experienced in nuclear accidents should not be taken lightly. The putting of future plants underground was, as a result, often discussed, and one of the new laws orders a year-long study of the probable advantages of "undergrounding."

The other two laws relate to what experts term "back end" problems: the aftermath of the power production. One looks to the question of reprocessing the used but not entirely depleted fuel rods; can residual plutonium in the rods be usefully salvaged? One law requires a finding that this process be approved by Uncle Sam before it can be tried in California. The third law prohibits any California land use for a nuclear fission thermal power plant until the state Energy Commission affirms that U.S. agencies have approved "and there exists a demonstrated technology or means" for disposing of high-level nuclear wastes. This is where the pinch comes. Every other state will be alerted to California's demands. The country is going to hear a lot more about high-level atomic waste management from now on.

The political hot spot in California, as a result, is the state Energy Commission. Close attention will be paid to the vigor with which it goes about its business, for this body has already proven to be the most vulnerable to criticism by environmentalists of any in the Brown administration. It has been termed dilatory, secretive, indifferent to the public, lax in promoting conservation and directionless. On the other hand, it was created only two years ago and it is the first state body anywhere with so wide a responsibility for all aspects of energy—development, research, distribution, conservation, safety and economic feasibility. Governor Brown has strengthened it by naming to a vacancy Emilio E. Varanini, chief staffer in the legislature's long work on energy.

With such broad responsibilities, it has had to assemble staff and define its own priorities while storms eddied about it over various power questions. Critics it has had, including a legislative move to dump all present commissioners, and it is just about to issue a first report on its activities. Some specialists in science and in industry seem to feel it is moving carefully and effectively, but environmental groups are openly disparaging. It has a generous budget. A tax of one-tenth of a mill on every kilowatt hour used in California yields currently around $14 million, and with this it has initiated more than 100 research projects, such as insulating homes for the poor, funding solar energy studies, even subsidizing a wind-power pilot plant on the Northern California coast. The winter months are expected to produce some findings from its studies of oil, coal, solar and geothermal sources as alternatives or supplements to nuclear energy.

The last-minute rush to enact the laws resting authority in this commission, as a counter to the far more restrictive provisions of Proposition 15, had its comic overtones, and the bills came close to not being passed, as utility lobbyists bucked their passage. A scant ten days before the election, they reached Governor Brown for signing. The utility lobbyists had finally accepted them. It was not enough, lobbyists discovered, that Federal Energy Administrator Frank Zarb came to the California state capitol to argue that the initiative "is not in the best interests of the nation." It was not enough that some $3.7 million (much of it from outside the state) was raised to oppose the initiative, three times as much as the proponents of Proposition 15 mustered. (The California Fair Political Practices Commission predicts that final accounting will show this nuclear safeguard initiative measure was the costliest ballot fight in all California history.) It was not enough that the federal Nuclear Regulatory Commission a week before the vote issued a special security alert for all fifty-eight nuclear power plants operating across the nation, lest some terrorist action be tried.

The stakes involved were very high. It became apparent that a "no" victory was not going to be enough: some concession to the aroused public anxieties had to be made. Rather tardily, the utility industry and the business-labor phalanx supporting it, on the premise that any impediment to energy was a threat to the state's economic well-being, saw how powerful was public concern over radiation risks. Those " 'No' on 15" forces found that public concern over safety was too widespread and too well bolstered by the experts to dismiss out of hand. They had to swallow an alternative. Soften it with amendments they did, but they could not totally emasculate the legislation.

What provided the set of statutes as an alternate route to safety standards was an alert and sensitive legislative committee. Citizen activists got the debate started in the first place, circulated the initiative and framed the questions about hazards in full-scale development of atomic energy. But the Assembly Committee on Resources, Land Use and Energy has a persistent chairman, Charles Warren of Los Angeles, who years ago identified energy as the state's most significant problem. He brought into being, just as Jerry Brown stepped into office, the new, powerful and unprecedented California Energy Commission. One of Brown's first tasks was naming its commissioners, and not all of them enjoy support among environmentalists. But while Proposition 15 was being circulated last year (and being ducked by the energy commissioners until they finally voted against it), Assemblyman Warren took seriously the questions of nuclear hazard. He staged a series of hearings through the winter which drew some 120 witnesses. The testimony ranged over every faction, every vendor, every utility, over scientists, economists, environmentalists on all sides, an impressive number of them with top technical credentials. This discussion exposed the conflicting views over safety among the scientists and it drew public attention to the disturbing questions which remain unresolved.

From this inquiry, it became widely known that the federal government, contemplating salt caves for ultimate storage possibilities of nuclear wastes, has missed its mid-1970s deadline for a program, and has only short-range storage facilities now in hand. California studies developed data showing that some 85 million gallons of highly dangerous wastes, both from defense and civilian nuclear programs, have accumulated since the Manhattan Project. Most of it is in aqueous solution, held at four points in the United States: Richland, Wash.; Savannah,

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Ga.; Arco, Idaho; West Valley, N.Y. By the year 2000, it noted, the government and industry expect 42,000 tons of nuclear waste may be generated annually, nationwide. Although not unmanageably large in scale, it may be so in radioactivity. Decay is active in the first ten years, about a thousand-fold reduction. But the next thousand-fold reduction in radiation requires the passage of 1,000 years, and beyond that period it is known that the waste continues to contain highly toxic elements, including plutonium.

From hearings which revolved around the pros and cons of dealing with this substance emerged a thoughtful press attention to the questions of nuclear safety. Some Sierra Club or Project Survival supporters felt that potent arguments got lost in the media, but the general opinion in political circles was that the twin effort, the legislative hearings and the initiative debate, generated an extraordinary public education in this highly technical and complex field. Californians these days don't flip past news stories about nuclear safety as dull stuff. The issue has a lively immediacy to a large proportion of the public, so lively that 2 million voted "yes" on the initiative in the face of industry warnings it might "shut down" the state's economy. From those hearings, too, an initially skeptical legislative committee switched to serious interest and concern.

Governor Brown and his energy commissioners may be pivotal in this standard setting for the tolerable levels of risk in nuclear power development, but they are not the primary driving force. The leading element is the Coalition of Californians for Nuclear Safeguards, a collection of activist organizations which fielded, funded and furthered the initiative. This is the essential spark. At a recent post-mortem, leadership from Sierra Club, Friends of the Earth, Project Survival, California Consumers Action, the Nader forces, Natural Resources Defense Council, Another Mother for Peace, student organizations and sundry others who fought for Proposition 15 discovered that they had no mourning to do. The corpse was decidedly alive. Instead of lamenting the election loss, they tallied the gain in public awareness and the new focal point around which they can build a further alert against reactor hazards.

The popular mass movement against reactors which McKinley C. Olson foresaw (see *The Nation*, January 11, 1975) is welling up in many states and California activists see themselves as its leaders. They are now considering the most advantageous new structure, whether to work individually or to maintain a common front. A close watch on the California Energy Commission is a first order of business. The Sierra Club is considering a special watchdog staff on energy. Its Energy Task Force, headed jointly by Dr. Richard Sextro of the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory at Berkeley and Dr. Susan Steigerwalt in San Diego, is going to redouble its surveillance. The political experience of the past campaign is not going to be wasted by the Proposition 15 forces. Said Tom Turner of Friends of the Earth: "We are determined that the alert mounted by this coalition of concerned organizations is not over." An industry that thought its cost concerns were largely those of financial capital will hear a great deal more in coming months about the costs in terms of risk to humanity, both present and future. California will be hounding the federal energy agencies to get on with their responsibilities for safe and permanent waste-disposal programs, or else call a halt to the nuclear program as too hazardous to continue. California cannot go forward with more nuclear plants until this question is resolved, and most states are going to observe California closely.

An indication of the coalition's determination to stay active in its challenge to nuclear energy is its funding of similar efforts in other states. Out of funds left over from the Proposition 15 contest, contributions of $5,000 have been sent to the Oregon, Colorado and Arizona committees, with assurance of more help if it is needed. □

Uruguay: The Oriental Republic

ROSE STYRON

On June 12, 1976, the constitutionally elected President of the Republic of Uruguay, Juan Bordaberry, was deposed by the military to whom he had been selling his power since 1972. Beyond certain murmurs of surprise, the event caused little reaction in Montevideo or in world diplomatic circles. The media reported it perfunctorily: Jonathan Kandell's piece in *The New York Times* was possibly the single major story to appear in North America. Uruguay, after all, is small, distant and poor in the resources Yankees covet from their neighbors. Until recent years, it boasted a history of peace, democracy and political stability that earned it a most unprovocative nickname—"the Switzerland of Latin America."

Military dictatorships are more the rule than the exception these days in the Americas. At a conference of army commanders from fifteen American countries held in Montevideo last October, host General Vadora, addressing his colleagues, justified hard right-wing rule by declaring that "Communists were bombarding the continent with a political campaign of distortion and misinformation, using international media." The United States, which gave the conference no publicity, was one of only five countries represented there whose governments were not run or openly backed by the military. After the military commanders went home, there was a wave of arrests and a renewal of torture all over Latin America. In Uruguay alone 800 were detained. Bordaberry, offering himself to his generals for "re-election" in November, outlined a scheme to make their control constitutional. Instead, the

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generals voted secretly (16 to 1) to oust Bordaberry, forgo elections, and forget the cumbersome pretense of parliamentary rule until 1984.

Months before June, word had begun to reach the outside world that all was not Swiss in Uruguay. Bordaberry's government seemed to be conducting an ugly campaign of terrorization, a brutal and systematic repression parallel to that of Chile. In 1974 the International Commission of Jurists and Amnesty International had sent a joint mission to Montevideo to investigate charges that human rights were being violated. They submitted their findings on illegal detention and maltreatment of political prisoners to Uruguayan officials, and since then neither they nor any other human rights organizations have been allowed to enter the country. Three requests to Bordaberry in 1976 for a nonpartisan, international on-site investigation have been flatly denied.

Meanwhile, officials of the U.S. Government—among them Robert McCloskey, assistant secretary for Congressional relations at the State Department—have more than once misrepresented the ICJ-AI report to members of Congress. Last year McCloskey claimed in a series of letters that "security laws have been applied primarily to Tupamaros," though even Bordaberry acknowledged that this urban guerrilla movement of the 1960s, which in its day fired the imagination of so many middle-class youths, had been totally destroyed before he dissolved parliament in June 1973. It is known that 50,000 to 60,000 persons have been interrogated or imprisoned in the past four years (one in every forty-five citizens), of whom some 5,000 remain in jail today. This is the highest per capita concentration of political prisoners in the world. McCloskey suggested that torture "was not a policy of the Uruguayan Government," but "isolated acts in apparent violation of government policy." Amnesty International published full documentation on twenty-two prisoners who had died under torture before December 1975, and seven who were tortured to death since then. If strict censorship and threats of reprisal were not government policy in Uruguay, the documented cases might be more numerous. Ten per cent of Uruguay's population has left the country.

McCloskey further stated that the ICJ considered the Uruguayan Government to be "doing everything possible to reduce the risk of mistreatment of political prisoners." ICJ President Niall MacDermott sternly rejected this assertion in a letter from Geneva. Although members of the joint mission were not allowed to visit military establishments, where the most serious abuses occur, nor permitted to speak with prisoners, the ICJ-AI delegates concluded on the basis of talks with defense attorneys that "at least 50 per cent of all the political prisoners arrested [had] been the object of mistreatment or torture." According to AI, virtually all political prisoners, including those detained briefly for interrogation, are forced to stand hooded for hours, sometimes for days, often naked, without food or water. In addition, 70 to 80 per cent of all prisoners are subjected to torture by electric shock or the "submarine"—immersion of the prisoner's head down in a tank of filthy water and excrement to the point of near asphyxiation—a form of torture highly regarded because it leaves bad psychological, but no physical, scars.

In late February, Sen. Edward Kennedy wrote a letter of inquiry about Uruguay to William Rogers, the Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs who then headed State's Inter-American Department. Rogers, one of the most thoughtful men in the State Department, replied on March 2 that repression in Uruguay was a thing of the past, that to his knowledge only one large-scale arrest had taken place (the one in November 1975 when the authorities seized 150 persons who allegedly possessed illegal weapons or spread Communist propaganda). But the record shows that on January 11, 700 more were arrested, along with Bordaberry's only important rival still in Uruguay, the 1971 Frente Amplio candidate, Gen. Liber Seregni. Seregni, who had just been released after eighteen months in jail, was again incommunicado. Rogers went on to remark that the traditional good relations between the United States and Uruguay still permitted "the discussion of sensitive issues in an atmosphere of friendly frankness," citing the assurances of good will and just behavior U.S. and Canadian officials had accepted from Bordaberry. Who was kidding whom?* For its size, Uruguay has a huge defense budget. What is it for? The United States has been sending military aid to Uruguay —$3 million to modernize its army. Why? Its huge neighbors, Argentina and Brazil, could crush it if they chose, army or no. And why is our executive pretending to our legislature that everything is fine? Is U.S. policy toward Uruguay being based exclusively on information sent back by Ambassador Siracusa, a staunch anti-leftist? Informed inquiries to him from Congress have produced puzzling replies.

Having focused their winter attention on problems in Chile and our new favored ally Brazil, concerned Reps. Edward Koch, Donald Fraser and Michael Harrington, and Senator Kennedy have now begun to pursue the facts on Uruguay. Censorship of mail, television and the press, the closing of *Marcha* and imprisonment of its editors and writers, the destruction of academic freedom, the suppression of political parties and trade union activity and civilian legal rights have been noted and discussed.

Invalids, the elderly and children are not excluded from torture. In several instances over the past months, adolescents of 12 and 14 have been arrested and shockingly mistreated while incommunicado. A psychiatrist who treated one boy fled Uruguay with his son soon afterward. Doctors in Uruguay, as in Chile, have been severely persecuted for treating dissidents. Dr. Beresmundo Peralta, who treated a wounded Tupamaro four years ago, is rotting in jail even though he declared he was against the Tupamaros but had acted out of conscience. On March 25, Representative Koch surprised the Congress by calling Uruguay "the main torture chamber of Latin

*At the first full hearings on Uruguay, held July 27, Martin Weinstein submitted to Rep. Donald Fraser (D., Minn.) exchanges on Uruguay between Hewson Ryan of the State Department and Rep. Edward Koch (D., N.Y.).

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Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

America." He may have read AI's fresh report on torture in Uruguay and the Uruguayan press's fierce daily denials and attacks on the agency as a Communist front (AI's thick new publication, *Prisoners of Conscience in the USSR*, was conveniently ignored). The report proceeds chronologically, beginning with the secret mutilation and murder of Luis Carlos Batalla which caused a scandal in May 1972, the first and last case of death under torture to be officially admitted. A 32-year-old building worker and father of two, Batalla had been a member of the Christian Democratic political party. He is not known to have engaged in any illegal activities. It is believed he was apprehended and interrogated in an attempt to extract names of persons who might be linked with the Tupamaros. No charges were brought against Batalla, either before or after his death in a military barracks. The official death certificate read "acute anemia caused by liver rupture." Later this was officially admitted to be false.

In another case, the body of Alvaro Balbi was returned to his family two days after his arrest. The authorities claimed he had died of an asthma attack, though he had never suffered from asthma. An autopsy, authorized by a civil judge at the request of his family, revealed a crushed thorax, burned genital organs, fractured legs and a ruptured liver. Now when bodies are returned to their families, the military forbids the opening of the coffins. The police frequently disrupt funerals, chase away mourners, and desecrate graves as part of the campaign "to eliminate subversion," especially when the coffin lid has been raised and the stated cause of death—"acute lung edema" or "suicide by poison"—was challenged by the absence of legs or the presence of knife or bullet wounds, soldering-pipe burns and multiple head fractures.

In the same week that Koch addressed Congress, a remarkable letter from a Uruguayan military man (prudently unidentified in the press, though impeccable sources have vouched for his authenticity) was sent out through Buenos Aires and published in Europe, along with the first two photographs of men under torture that human rights organizations believed to be genuine. The letter began:

> I am an officer of the Uruguayan Army. If I have come to the decision, for me a very important one, to write this letter, it is for one reason and one reason only: the revulsion I feel for all that I have the misery of witnessing, and worse still, in some cases, of taking part in. It has become intolerable for me. . . .

The photographs recall Goya. One is of a hooded but otherwise naked man, his wrists handcuffed behind his back, his feet dangling in air, straddling a bar. We are told the bar is of iron with a cruel cutting edge, *el cabellete* (the sawhorse), and that the prisoner has been sitting thus for hours. The other is of a hooded man suspended by his wrists, enduring *la bandera* (the banner). The photo was taken when he had been hanging in a sun of at least 80° F., for three hours, after which he hung for several more. The letter describes other forms of torture whose applications have become routine in 1976 Uruguay: the submarine, the electric prod (applied to testicles), the telephone (an electric cable attached to each earlobe):

> I have seen the strongest officers and non-commissioned officers selected to punish prisoners with clubs, pipes, karate blows. And I can state that no one is safe from this treatment; some cases are more brutal than others, but practically all prisoners, irrespective of age or sex, are beaten and tortured. Dozens have been taken to the Military Hospital with fractures and lesions. Such a level of sadism has been reached that military doctors supervise the torture. The women are in a separate category. . . . I have personally witnessed the worst aberrations committed with women, in front of other prisoners, by many interrogators. Many . . . are held only for the purpose of discovering the whereabouts of their husband, father or son. . . .

The letter goes on to describe the places of detention—private houses like the one expropriated at 5515 O'Higgins Drive where neighbors report hearing piercing

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screams, despite music played at full volume. Also mentioned are torture at army barracks, torture by the police, the navy and the air force, and savage raids carried out under the pretext of depriving Communists of their bases of support.

April, May and June news stories have borne out Koch's assessment and justified the fears of Uruguayans at home and abroad. On April 23 the first in a series of cadavers—ten to date—showed up on the river banks of Uruguay, manacled, mutilated, several even decapitated. At first they were identified as Orientals (a play on the former name for Uruguay, the Oriental Republic of Uruguay), then as Uruguayans, most likely those who were disappearing weekly from their homes or jobs in Argentina, where they had sought haven. In Argentina, President Videla commanded all refugees to register by the first week in May.

The refugee population of thousands was terrified; rumors of deportation to Chile and Uruguay were rife; offices and embassies in Buenos Aires soon sprouted long lines of foreigners seeking asylum or exit papers (lawyer Peter Weiss, recently returned from Argentina, compared the scene to those in Nazi Germany in the 1930s). The U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR) requested assurances of their safety, in vain.

In early June refugee files containing 8,000 names were stolen (the refugee population in Argentina, more heavily Chilean than Uruguayan, is about 18,000) and two days later armed men abducted twenty-five who were on the list. Through the fast and persistent efforts of the U.N., the World Council of Churches, AI and others, the twenty-five were released on President Videla's orders. They were dropped off on different street corners, in poor shape, many of them bearing marks of torture. The loud protests and Videla's speedy response were reactions to world outrage at the kidnap-murders of prominent, conservative Uruguayans in Argentina a fortnight earlier. On May 18, at 3 A.M. and 5 A.M. former Uruguayan legislator Zelmar Michelini and former speaker of the Uruguayan Chamber of Deputies, Hector Gutierrez Ruiz, were abducted from their homes in Buenos Aires by groups of heavily armed men dressed as civilians. Soldiers and police stationed in the area stood by as the apartments were unhurriedly ransacked, doors were broken down, screams were heard, and the men were led blindfolded into waiting cars that had no license plates. As Michelini was about to enter his vehicle, an employee of the Hotel Liberty where he and his sons were living ran out to protest that the abductors had taken a hotel blanket with them. The blanket was returned.

Nothing was heard of Michelini or Gutierrez or of a young Uruguayan couple named Whitelaw, abducted earlier, until their bullet-ridden, tortured bodies were found in a car in downtown Buenos Aires at 9 P.M. on May 21. After a wide search organized by the UNHCR, the Whitelaws' three small children, abducted with them, were found dazed but alive in a suburban hospital. Meanwhile Videla had claimed that it was the work of Uruguayans or of Argentine vigilantes. He told the editor of *La Opinion*, which carried a front-page story of the "kidnapping" (Michelini had worked on the paper), that he would investigate. He did not. Then *La Opinion* printed a letter Michelini had given a friend on May 5, stating that he had received threats that he would be returned forcibly to Uruguay, a matter which the Uruguayan Foreign Minister would take up with Argentine authorities. Then Wilson Ferreira Aldunate, head of the conservative Blanco Party, who received 18 per cent more votes than Bordaberry in the 1971 election (the returns were apparently manipulated to give Bordaberry the Presidency) and whom authorities had failed to locate for abduction on May 18 because he was not in his apartment, announced that the Argentine authorities had received letters accusing Michelini and Gutierrez of being Tupamaros, virtually marking them for death. International pressure and quiet, complicated maneuvering brought the distinguished Ferreira and his family out of Argentina. The United States Congress, led by Rep. Donald Fraser, invited him to Washington to testify on June 17.

At an Amnesty International press conference in New York after his arrival June 16, Ferreira, challenged by two hostile Uruguayan newsmen, noted that the members of the Tupamaro movement, which he had opposed, were all either dead or jailed; that the only people who kidnap and kill today are the government; that only a minority of prisoners have been convicted by the courts, that brutal forms of torture such as the electric prod, tying a prisoner to a horse to drag him across a field, and raping women and children—that these and the entire apparatus of repression made the government successful. Later, he confirmed UPI reports of May 17 that, after the meeting when the generals voted to oust Bordaberry, Minister of Economy Alejandro Vegh Villegas, who favored a "limited election option" for November, sent emissaries to Buenos Aires to consult with Blanco Party leaders in exile about their possible cooperation if that option were chosen. Both Ferreira and Gutierrez were approached. They asked that at least three conditions be met: (*1*) respect for human rights, including an end to torture; (*2*) reinstitution of a civilian legal system; and (*3*) the removal of Bordaberry from office. The American Embassy had told the Uruguayan Government that Michelini (who leaned toward a social democratic position) had applied for a U.S. visa and that they had no reason not to grant it. That was the day before the abductions; it seems likely that Bordaberry decided to eliminate opposition leaders with support in his country. As for Argentina's reasons for cooperating, one can only speculate that President Videla wants to gain favor with the small neighbor governments (Bolivia's former President Torres was also assassinated in Argentina in mid-June) because it is competing with vast Brazil for domination in the southern cone, the term used for land below the bulge in Latin America.

Since his testimony in Washington, Wilson Ferreira has been indicted by his government as a Tupamaro, and his estate and assets in Uruguay have been confiscated. He and his wife and son are temporarily safe in the United

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States, but Michelini's daughter and her husband are among thirty Uruguayans in Argentina who have disappeared since mid-July (twenty bodies were reported discovered June 26, but not yet identified) and so are the children of Ferreira's other good friends.

The role of the secret police in military and paramilitary organizations in our hemisphere is of prime concern. The Argentines are acceding to the wishes of the Uruguayans just as the Chileans acceded to those of Brazil, allowing them to enter the country and subject their nationals to torture, deportation and death. The United States has trained hundreds of Brazilians, Chileans, Uruguayans and Argentinians in its counterinsurgency school in Panama, and many more at army bases and police academies in the United States. The training, and the equipment and money we send these repressive governments marks us for responsibility in their concerted violations of human rights.

Latin America has not been Henry Kissinger's chief area of concern, nor have human rights. Still, at the OAS meeting in Santiago in June, the Secretary of State made an historic speech, declaring that violations of these rights would no longer be tolerated by the United States, noting that they had already "impaired U.S. relations with Chile." And after Kissinger left, our new permanent OAS deputy, Robert White, made a statement that should stand as a rebuttal to General Vadora's address in Montevideo: "Much has been said here about communism and we must be alert to guard against it. Hopefully, however, the struggle against communism is not the main feature which configures our heritage. There are others: respect for law, independence of the judiciary, right of dissent and freedom of the press."

Americans can only applaud these statements—and await their implementation. A good start could be made by expanding the present limited "parole" program to allow refugees from Argentina and Uruguay, and more Chileans, to enter the United States. Would it be too much to ask that Washington change its policy of not offering asylum to foreigners in danger or, if that is excessive, at least to instruct our Latin American embassies to act quickly to help find asylum in the embassies of less finicky nations for those whose lives are threatened by the repressive regimes of that continent? □

THE HOLLOW PRIZE

BLACK POWER AFTER TEN YEARS

CLAYBORNE CARSON

In a single decade, an era of Afro-American politics came and went. A legacy remains, but its full meaning is still to be determined, even by blacks who came of age during the 1960s and were transformed by the events of those years. Now we must search our memories to recall the effect on our lives of the evolution from nonviolent desegregation sit-ins to massive marches and rallies to convulsive urban rebellions—the evolution from Martin Luther King to Malcolm X to Stokely Carmichael to Eldridge Cleaver. The 1963 march on Washington is separated from us by thirteen years and three Presidents and the rise and fall of a succession of movements, leaders and dreams.

Just a decade ago, in the midst of the march through Mississippi undertaken after James Meredith was wounded by a shotgun blast, a new form of racial militancy suddenly gained national attention. The cry for "Black Power" arose as a conscious attempt by the young black activists in the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) to alter the direction of black politics. Willie Ricks, an Alabama-born SNCC worker who gained his political education in the streets of Chattanooga, Albany and Montgomery and in isolated black-belt regions of Georgia and Alabama, was chosen in June 1966, to test the readiness of blacks for a new militant vocabulary. Nightly venturing away from the main body of marchers, Ricks launched a new phase of Afro-American history in small black Mississippi towns that time seemed to have ignored. He returned each night with reports of enthusiastic receptions for the rhetoric of Black Power.

A year earlier, in similar communities of Lowndes County, Ala., Ricks and other SNCC workers had organized the Lowndes County Freedom Organization. In that poor, predominantly black county between Selma and Montgomery, SNCC organizers took an important and original political departure simply by doing what they thought necessary. Since their supporters were black and not welcomed by the Democratic Party, they built an independent, all-black party. Since blacks in the Deep South understood white power and resented their own powerlessness, they used the slogan, "Black Power for Black People." And since the panther is black and powerful, they called the new party the Black Panther Party. Stokely Carmichael's work as an organizer in Lowndes County became the basis for his successful bid for the chairmanship of SNCC a few weeks before the Mississippi march, and by June 1966, the SNCC militants were ready to assert their claim to national black leadership.

Carmichael, who had directed the 1964 voter registration campaign in Mississippi's 2nd Congressional District, when hundreds of Northern whites came South to help, soon concluded that it was time to break loose from the constraints imposed by SNCC's white liberal supporters. Thus, when the march reached Greenwood, the site of his 1964 headquarters, Carmichael told the nation's press that there was a new black response to the question, "What do you want?" Black Power.

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Carmichael—handsome, articulate, always conscious of the effect of his words on his listeners—was quickly identified as the principal spokesman for Black Power. In most reports, he was described as the firebrand who had sparked the new militancy, when in fact he was the mirror of a new mood among blacks. Carmichael, like nearly all important black leaders since the antebellum period, gained a following among blacks not as a prophet of the future but as an interpreter of the past. As was true of Malcolm X, Carmichael was able to surpass other black leaders because he cut through the verbiage of the white oppressors' language to utter the truths that lay dormant in the experiences of oppressed blacks. Most blacks recognized that their leaders could do little to shape the future, but they were willing to give their support to those who understood their lives. Carmichael became an oracle for the Black Power movement, because he was singularly skillful at expressing conclusions, drawn from years of organizing among Southern blacks, in terms that could be understood by urban blacks and whites who were closer than poor black sharecroppers to the mainstream of American politics. He not only expressed the desire of rural Southern blacks to gain control over local institutions but also the desire of urban blacks, like himself, to reject the white-controlled institutions in which they were enmeshed.

Despite their ties to white liberal sympathizers and to the black middle class, Carmichael and other young black proponents of Black Power were heady with a sense of confidence based on what they had accomplished during the early 1960s. They saw more clearly than the established black leadership what the times required, yet saw only vaguely the nature of their historical role. Thus, they did not understand at all the reasons for the rapid demise, later in the decade, of their insurgency.

The initial negative response of white liberals and moderate civil rights leaders helped reinforce the belief of the black militants that they were indeed the harbingers of revolution. They had become accustomed to measuring the radicalness of their goals by the vigor of their opposition, and the initial reaction to the phrase Black Power by most moderate civil rights leaders could hardly have been more vigorous or more negative. Roy Wilkins, executive director of the NAACP, warned that "quick, uncritical and highly emotional" adoption of the demand by "a beleaguered people" could lead only to "black death." Of all the condemnations that appeared in the press during the summer of 1966, perhaps the most menacing, though also honest, was an editorial in *The Saturday Evening Post*:

> We are all, let us face it, Mississippians. We all fervently wish that the Negro problem did not exist, or that, if it must exist, it could be ignored. Confronted with the howling need for decent schools, jobs, housing, and all the other minimum rights of the American system, we will do our best, in a half-hearted way, to correct old wrongs. The hand may be extended grudgingly and patronizingly, but anyone who rejects the hand rejects his own best interests. For minimum rights are the only rights that we are willing to guarantee, and above those minimum rights there is and will continue to be a vast area of discrimination and inequity and unfairness, the area in which we claim the most basic right of all—the right to be stupid and prejudiced, the right to make mistakes, the right to be less and worse than we pretend, the right to be ourselves. When this majority right is threatened, the majority will react accordingly—with results that could be disastrous to all of us.

As they endured such verbal attacks, the Black Power advocates became even more convinced that the unfulfilled aspirations of blacks could be achieved by courageous leaders willing to sacrifice for the sake of racial ideals. Their confidence was buoyed by the fact that the masses of blacks reacted positively to the new militant thrust. Only as the opposition began to shift its ground did the movement lose momentum. Moderate black and white leaders soon recognized that, on the one hand, they could not stem the tide of black discontent and that, on the other, there was nothing inherently radical about a phrase that simply made explicit the importance of group identity in American political life.

As early as the summer of 1966, the Commission on Religion and Race of the National Council of Churches sponsored an advertisement in *The New York Times*, signed by forty-eight black clergymen, which defended the demand for racial power and advised the press to listen to black voices other than those of the radicals. In the summer of 1967, the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) joined the Black Power bandwagon. That same year representatives of the black middle class assumed leading roles at the Newark Black Power Conference. Carmichael had once been certain that Black Power would not be used by white political leaders in the way President Johnson had appropriated the cry, "Freedom Now," to rally black support, but in the spring of 1968, while hundreds of young blacks were "picking up the gun" for the Oakland-based Black Panther Party, Richard Nixon was already offering his own interpretation of Black Power as the ability of blacks to "affect their own communities." Nixon and others realized that, although black militant rhetoric attacked liberal political orthodoxy, it did not actually offer radical alternatives to conventional liberalism. Moreover, it provided an excuse for cutting back federal social programs.

Of course, the federal government's vicious domestic counterinsurgency programs partially account for the decline of black militancy during the late 1960s and early 1970s. However, it would be too much to say that repression, and particularly the FBI's Cointelpro program, was responsible for the demise of racial militancy. It is debatable whether the iron fist was more effective in the velvet glove. Despite the fact that J. Edgar Hoover professed to believe that black leftist radicalism and black nationalism posed serious threats to the American political system, few black activists of the late 1960s offered ideas that departed significantly from the dominant ideological assumptions underlying American politics. Looking back today, it is astonishing that objectives like full employment, decent housing and education, an end to police brutality, and trial by a jury of peers could inspire such vehement opposition. The only radical goals put forward by the Oakland-based

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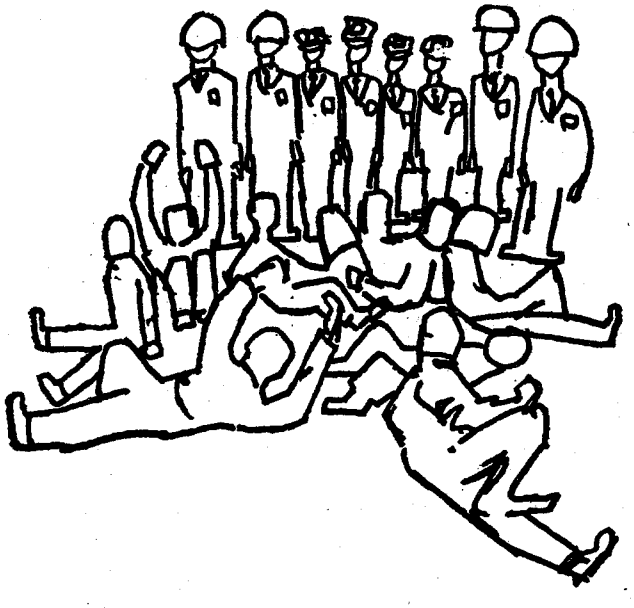
Black Panther Party—freedom for imprisoned blacks and a U.N.-supervised plebiscite to determine "the will of black people as to their national destiny"—were not rooted in revolutionary ideology and had little effect on the appeal of the party among blacks.

There were, of course, many contenders for the position of black "Messiah"—one who, in the words of an August 1967 memorandum sent from Washington to the FBI branch office, "could unify and electrify the militant black nationalist movement." But the fact that Hoover branded most black political leaders, from Martin Luther King to Bobby Seale, as threats to the American way of life does not in itself demonstrate their revolutionary importance.

The celebrated black militants of the past decade gained almost overnight a fame they did not deserve, and gradually they fell into an obscurity they could not have expected. There is little to suggest that they learned enough from their experiences to build a movement capable of achieving fundamental changes in American society; at present, few militant black leaders possess even the illusion of revolutionary potential. Ricks and Carmichael were among those blacks who came to identify with Africa during the late 1960s, but their political views are now separated both from the Marxist programs of most African revolutionary movements and from the pragmatism and opportunism that dominate contemporary Afro-American politics. They have been unable to transform the black discontent expressed by the Black Power slogan into mass support for their present goal of building a power base in a unified Africa.



Other militant spokesmen have similarly found themselves exiled, imprisoned, or simply ignored. Bobby Seale of the Black Panther Party has long since left that moribund organization. Huey Newton, the other cofounder of the party, is now in Cuban exile. Eldridge Cleaver, whose obscenities once helped shape the image of the party, has become a repentant fugitive who expresses support for the American political system and wishes to be allowed to make his singular contribution to men's fashion design. Imamu Amiri Baraka (formerly LeRoi Jones), the poetic ideologue of black separatism, has more recently concluded that Marx was right as well as white and found that his audience has decreased as dialectics replaced theatrical diatribes. James Forman, whose "Black Manifesto," as delivered to white religious organizations, revealed a prevalent confusion of militant tactics and rhetoric with revolutionary strategy, seems now a burned-out firebrand.

Formerly controversial ideas have become accepted, but the ideas no longer rouse blacks to collective action. Leaders were once discovered; now they are memorialized. A movement that probed to the bone of American political realities has become mired, as insights are transformed into cant and militancy into posturing.

The significant changes that did occur during the past decade merely illustrate the paradoxes of the period. The limited nature of those gains has made many blacks more skeptical about the possibility of fundamentally improving their positions in U.S. life through collective action. Racial pride has risen, but it has neither created an effective national black political movement nor measurably increased racial unity. The attempt by blacks to prove themselves "blacker than thou" has proved quite as divisive as earlier efforts to gain acceptance from whites. Blacks who rejected the term Negro did not abandon the term "niggah."

An increase in the number of black politicians holding public office has been accompanied by a decrease in the proportion of blacks who bother to vote and by an increase in factionalism as blacks compete for leadership. Indeed, black political power has grown largely as a result of the inability of blacks to escape from deteriorating conditions in segregated communities. Mass activism among poor and working-class blacks provided the push for the gains of the 1960s, but the poorest segment of the black population has profited least from those gains. Black leaders who claim to speak for "the people" have diverted the black struggle from the effort to wrest economic concessions directly from the white establishment to the problematic strategy of interposing between the black masses and the white elite a buffer of black businessmen and bureaucrats who equate their own success with that of the race. Although the overall failure of blacks to advance economically in recent years can be attributed to the economic downturn affecting the larger society, it is significant that the black middle class has expanded during this period—from 1965 to 1974—the percentage of blacks making more than $15,000 a year increased by more than 100 percent (to 19 percent of the total black population). Growth of black college enrollment, white-collar employment and entrepreneurship has gone hand in hand with continued high unemployment. The rising black bourgeoisie urges self-reliance on the black poor and working classes, while it as a class has gradually abandoned the relative independence of self-employment for jobs as hired hands of government and big business. Black students have learned to market their blackness as well as to find it. If

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affirmative-action programs suddenly were to alter their criteria in order to provide greater opportunities for those who are poor rather than simply for those who are black, the loudest cries of protest would doubtless come from middle-class blacks, many of whom claim that class analysis does not apply to them.

The demand for Black Power was basically a response to the recognition that blacks were effectively powerless, but the demand was often tied to the naive notion that power could be achieved by unifying a black populace whose common concerns and objective bases for unity were being rapidly eroded by the advances in the struggle for civil rights. To go on repeating some variant of the assertion that, no matter how rich or educated, a black man is still a "nigger," is to obscure the fact that the battle against racism has widened rather than narrowed the class divisions among blacks. Those who ignore this trend not only condemn Afro-American politics to a future of stagnation but also contribute to the erosion of the racial trust and empathy that made past gains possible.

Despite the remarkable upsurge in political mobilization and militancy that occurred among blacks during the 1960s, real power has remained outside their communities. Civil rights laws were achieved because protests took place when the national political climate was sympathetic to their goals. This climate enabled the champions of civil rights to prod powerful forces into action and, to some extent, restrained the Southern repression that could have destroyed the movement in the South. The most perceptive of the black leaders of the 1960s were able to view their own activism in its proper perspective: as a catalyst in the process of social change, but not as a determinant.

A source of the 1960s militancy was Afro-American awareness of the rise of independent Third World leaders who seemed to have broken free of the constraints imposed by the Western political and economic order. There is irony, however, in the fact that, while young black radicals in this country were making their initial contacts with Third World leaders, they were losing the leverage that had been provided by the attempt of the United States to win support in the nonwhite world. During the early 1960s the State Department was directly involved in attempts to end domestic segregation policies that generated negative publicity abroad and to prevent embarrassing incidents involving African diplomats on visits here. By the mid-1960s, however, as the war in Vietnam escalated, it became evident that the future of Africa and Asia would not be decided primarily through propaganda battles but through the use of military and economic power, and American leaders became less concerned about the effect of domestic racial conflicts on the hearts and minds of Africans and Asians. Thus, the indirect relationship between the domestic and foreign policies of the United States during the early 1960s had greater impact on the fortunes of Afro-Americans than did the haphazard efforts of black radicals later in the 1960s to establish direct ties with distant revolutionary movements.

The belief that Afro-Americans were a colonized group analogous to subject peoples elsewhere in the world was widely accepted by the black radical intelligentsia of the late 1960s, but the colonial analogy obscured as much as it clarified. While many blacks identified with the African demand for nationhood, some Third World revolutionary writers were noting that the direction of change in the newly independent African and Asian nations was toward military domination, economic exploitation by native elites, and the continued disruption of internal affairs by the covert and overt agents of Western capitalism. Robert Allen, author of *Black Awakening in Capitalist America,* was among the few blacks in this country who understood by the late 1960s that the crucial lesson to be learned from the recent experiences of Third World nations was that colonization was no longer the principal issue. Allen argued that black nationalism in the United States was being manipulated and co-opted by the white establishment in order to achieve the kind of neo-colonial domination it had already gained in many Third World nations. However, he was no more able than most African and Asian leaders to offer a viable program to end economic exploitation, and the absence of such a program led to cynicism and disillusionment.

Within the United States, blacks gained their equivalent of political independence—that is, nominal control of a few areas where blacks were in the majority—but, as had been the case for African nations, it was a hollow prize. Large corporations were able to retain the benefits of a black market and labor force, while avoiding the problems that arose from the fact that many blacks were not needed by the economic system. Whites were somewhat upset by the growth of black electoral power, but they were also relieved of a burden of guilt and responsibility. As "blackness" became a much desired commodity (there were many rewards for those who could mimic the distinctive forms of black lower-class behavior) there were some expressions of dismay among whites. But the communications media quickly appropriated the exotic behavior of the black masses as another faddish diversion to attract mass audiences to their clients. As in Africa during the early 1960s, apparent agreement regarding the desirability of black control masked internal divisions that were deep and exploitable.

The failure of the Black Power movement to make significant improvements in the material conditions of most blacks has recently caused some black nationalists to undertake a re-examination of their own earlier positions. Ron Karenga, a major theorist of Afro-American cultural nationalism, is one who has had second thoughts. He now distinguishes between separatism and "national liberation" as strategic models for struggle. Separatists, he concludes, were "unable to make a concrete analysis of the subjective and objective conditions that mold our people's minds, limit and encourage their imagination and aspirations, and determine and direct their behavior." As a result, they became muddled in mysticism. Advocates of national liberation, he says in contrast,

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recognize objective conditions and call for "revolutionary engagement of blacks in constant confrontation and negation of the oppressive conditions which every day in a merciless multitude of ways cripple and kill them."

Such words reflect commendable self-criticism but they are also vague and imprecise. In any case, Karenga and other erstwhile black separatists, who have discovered that the search for black unity is a futile pursuit that reduces the chances for effective unity among some blacks, are themselves far from centers of power, even within the black political community. At present, after an exceptional period of militancy, black leadership is most effectively exercised by those who have traditionally exercised it: black professionals, businessmen, clergymen and elected officials. The Congressional Black Caucus has emerged as the most significant national black political institution, but it has offered neither consistent nor farsighted leadership. The black legislators recognize, perhaps more clearly than most of their constituents, that the period when the issue of racial status took precedence over all others is coming to an end and that the crucial concerns of the future will be economic. Yet they have developed no plans that avoid the drawbacks of previous liberal social welfare programs. Such programs have succeeded only in supplying temporary jobs outside the manufacturing sector and some more permanent jobs for those who study, evaluate, advise and speak for the poor and needy.

For better or worse, the future of Afro-American society will involve a gradual and inexorable movement from the periphery closer to the center of the world economic system. It is this movement that made possible the emergence of viable black social movements during the 1960s, and the same trend will define the character and potential of future black movements. Doubtless, some blacks will remain outside the mainstream of change, but they will also be at the margins of the main currents of Afro-American life. The common experiences that once permeated black racial consciousness are rapidly being displaced as blacks assume new and varied roles in the modern industrial world. Racial unity has become increasingly difficult to achieve as Afro-American society becomes less distinguishable from the pervading mass culture surrounding it. New opportunities exist, however, to develop collective movements among blacks who recognize that important aspirations have remained submerged in order to maintain the illusion that all blacks share the same interests. The persistence of the outworn rhetoric of the past has obscured the continued widening of class divisions among blacks. The present course of Afro-American politics must be reassessed, not only to confront future realities but also to allow all segments of the black populace a share in the valuable legacy from earlier struggles: an awareness of the potential power of people who come to realize their common destiny. □

CLEAN WATER DOWN THE DRAIN

DAVID ZWICK

Decades of progress in water pollution cleanup legislation may be rolled back in a single summer if a bill now before Congress is enacted. This legislation consists of amendments to the Federal Water Pollution Control Act; its principal architect was Rep. James Wright (D., Texas), who guided it through the House on June 3, as H.R.9560. It awaits Senate action this month as S.2710.

It would wipe out federal protections against dumping polluting materials into waters and wetlands in vast areas of the United States, including most of the water-scarce West; allow either house of Congress, acting alone, to repeal other requirements of pollution-control law; and turn the largest public works program in the nation's history—federal subsidies for cities' sewage-treatment plants—into a giant welfare bonanza for private developers.

This sudden legislative attack on environmental requirements reflects the wide political audience that hostility to Washington regulation has recently found. Railing at regulatory overkill has become the rage in Congress. There is considerable reason to believe that the flames of anti-regulation rhetoric are being fanned by special interests, who see a chance to cash in on the confusion.

Among the beneficiaries would be dredgers, developers and timber companies, all of whom have been eager to avoid the requirements of the 1972 clean water law. The law prohibits dumping dredge spoil (the polluted muck scooped up from the bottom of lakes and streams in deepening and widening operations) and "fill" (dirt, trash or whatever, used to turn bodies of water into dry land by filling them in, frequently for development), into U.S. waters unless environmental safeguards are met. The environmental standards were to be set by the EPA, but the 1972 law gave the job of setting up the whole safeguards system to the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, itself the nation's largest dredger and a long-time ally and working partner of private dredging and developing interests. Predictably, there were some problems.

The Corps initially refused to enforce the law except where it mattered least—in the large rivers and lakes it had historically regulated to protect navigation. That excluded not only the multitude of smaller lakes and streams throughout the country, but also more than 85 per cent of the nation's wetlands—the millions of acres of reedy tidal areas, swamps and marshes that are the

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David Zwick wrote Water Wasteland *and co-authored* Who Runs Congress?. *He helped found the Washington-based Clean Water Action Project.*

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spawning grounds for fish and a vital link in the food chain that sustains most aquatic life. Ultimately, pollution of even the largest lakes and rivers cannot be stopped if they are fed by smaller streams, or wash over wetlands, that may be poisoned with impunity. But developers and other commercial interests have their own designs on the wetlands. Half of the country's original 120 million acres of wetlands have already been lost to draining or filling, and pressure to gobble up what remains is increasingly intense.

When a 1975 court decision belatedly ordered the Corps of Engineers to begin the expanded protection program, they shifted to an aggressive misinformation campaign calculated to build a political backlash against the requirements. The Corps circulated patently false claims that the new program might require permits for plowing in farmers' fields and even for building backyard swimming pools. These claims were later disowned by the Assistant Secretary of the Army as "misleading." (The program specifically exempts most farming activities entirely.) But they had their intended effect: the backlash culminated in House passage of the Wright amendment in June.

The amendment:

¶ Eliminates protection against discharge of dredged and fill material in all waters not currently used, or which could be used, for commercial transport. This could permit unregulated pollution of waters used for irrigation, swimming, fishing and public water supplies—simply because they are not plied by ships and barges. Shallow waters throughout the Western states would be particularly susceptible. Ironically, this absurd scheme would still require rigid controls on grossly polluted waterways that are used only as commercial shipping channels.

¶ Removes restrictions preventing wholesale ruin of the nation's priceless wetlands, the cradle of life for the underwater world. Apart from the irreplaceable assets that would be lost, more than $140 billion would be required for sewage-treatment plants to do the job the wetlands do free, and untold billions more for flood control and ground water recharge.

¶ Not only negates control requirements of recent law but also voids protections authorized by law dating back to the last century. Rivers that were once commercially navigable but are no longer, like the Potomac, were subject to regulation under the Refuse Act of 1899 but could be excluded under the Wright amendment.

¶ Gives the timber industry the unrestricted right to dam up public streams with dirt roads.

¶ Restricts the right of state officials to object to harmful federal construction projects (including those of the Corps) in their states.

¶ Undermines existing federal authority to prevent dredging or fill material from damaging navigation or flood-control programs.

House passage of this surprise package prompted thirty Senators to ask President Ford to delay starting up the expanded program until the Senate decides what to do. On the President's order the program has been frozen, and the dredgers are still in the driver's seat.

The man to whom they owe their thanks, James Wright, is heir apparent to the chairmanship of the House Public Works Committee to succeed retiring Rep. Robert Jones (D., Ala.). Wright can be a formidable advocate; if he heads the powerful House committee, environmental protection may be in trouble. His call for this bizarre emasculation of the cleanup program came with no warning. In support of the proposal, he reeled off a long list of wild exaggerations and flatly erroneous statements, including the old scare stories about farmers' fields and the like. There had been no public hearings and no chance to explore the amendment's wide-ranging destructive potentials.

Another drastic proposal passed the House with similar

(*Continued on page 123*)

"Come on in, This Is Treated Sewage."

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Idea of Revolution in Poetry

M.L. ROSENTHAL

It is interesting to think of poetry and local traditions and revolutionary perspectives in a single web of awareness. I feel no impulse to force the associations on anyone, least of all myself. And yet they are instructive.

Take the word "revolutionary." We have a glimpse of its resonances for Walt Whitman in his poem "To a Foil'd European Revolutionaire" (1856). In it, Whitman speaks so intimately to the unnamed revolutionist of the title that we know he feels a special kinship with him. The opening and closing sections, especially, show the poet's conviction that he himself confronts frustrations like the revolutionist's. The poem begins:

Courage yet, my brother or my sister!
Keep on—Liberty is to be subserv'd whatever occurs!
That is nothing that is quell'd by one or two failures, or any number of failures,
Or by the indifference or ingratitude of the people, or by any unfaithfulness,
Or the show of the tushes of power, soldiers, cannon, penal statutes.

What we believe in waits latent forever through all the continents,
Invites no one, promises nothing, sits in calmness and light, is positive and composed, knows no discouragement,
Waiting patiently, waiting its time.

The vision of Liberty here seems thrillingly clear, in spite of the typical Whitman oddity of a phrase like "tushes of power," and in spite of the literary echoes that summon up religious traditions quite as much as they do political ones. (Some of the lines, for instance, sound like St. Paul on charity, and like the Emperor Hadrian on "the simple soul.") The essential tone is steadfast, affirming. It manages to control, through its vibrant insistence, the air of mystical quietism at the close of the passage. But then, in the poem's closing lines, we have an abrupt, deliberate countering of that tone after one last exhortation:

Then courage European revolter, revoltress!
For till all else ceases neither must you cease.

I do not know what you are for, (I do not know what I am for myself, nor what any thing is for,)
But I will search carefully for it even in being foil'd,
In defeat, poverty, misconception, imprisonment—for they too are great.

Did we think victory great?
So it is—but now it seems to me, when it cannot be help'd, that defeat is great,
And that death and dismay are great.

Isn't this ending remarkable? I'm not of course referring to that sore thumb of a phrase, "revolter, revoltress"—though, like the earlier "my brother or my sister," it shows Whitman's unself-conscious assumption of sexual equality. I'm talking about the exceptional honesty. It's as though the speaker, having started out to offer affectionate encouragement to a suffering, devout servant of Liberty somewhere far away, had suddenly stumbled into troubled confusion—not doubt but dark unclarity. And from there he goes on, finally, to violate all our ordinary ideas of the revolutionary spirit. This praise of defeat, death and dismay as equal in greatness to victory is understandable but surprising too. Greatness is of necessity a matter of spiritual courage, whether in victory or in defeat. But we seldom hear anyone arguing such an idea of heroism while confessing he does not know the hero's purpose. The thought goes beyond even the sudden despair that strikes at the end of Shelley's famous chorus in *Hellas*, whose opening line is the most beautifully ardent of its kind: "The world's great age begins anew." Shelley ends his chorus with an outcry of pure anguish at the implications of his cyclical vision of history, with not a trace of Whitman's reconciliation to defeat or confession of unclear purpose.

Oh, cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy.
The world is weary of the past,
Oh, might it die and rest at last!

"Cease!"—yes, but the process can't cease, and neither can we. One modern solution has been to identify oneself with impersonal reality, adopting an attitude of "tragic joy" that disdains as sentimental Shelley's humane despair. Yeats, in fact, in his play *The Resurrection*, deliberately echoes this chorus to bring out the irony of man's desire to remake historical process in his own way. It is striking that these opposed but intersecting positions or insights are as much a part of Marxian thought as of that of these two poets: a fusion of an impersonal theory of history with a dream, however self-mocking, of seizing destiny by sheer moral force and humanizing it.

Whitman's combination of attitudes—and even more important, of moods—puts him in our world of murkily mixed tones rather than in Shelley's of sharp contrasts of bright and dark. He does not let go entirely and simply accept meaningless chaos as all there is; but he recognizes what it is necessary to recognize, without irony but also without the obnoxious cultivation of dead-end grossness of some current writers. He is still very much in the vanguard in this respect. Seventy years after the Whitman poem I have quoted, its tone, and indeed its very language, were echoed in Robinson Jeffers's poem "Joy." Jeffers was no revolutionary, and what he wrote has nothing to do with the hopes and defeats of European revolutionaries. But as with many other deeply individualistic spirits who are nonconformist yet conservative, his general contrariness was a sort of intimate counterpart to leftist thought. "Joy" spells out the essential irrelevance of human conceptions of triumph and joy. The ultimate meaning of Whitman's sudden confusion in "To a Foil'd European Revolutionaire" is the grim side of all idealism, its recognition of the void that surrounds humanity. Jeffers puts the point harshly at the start of his poem:

Though joy is better than sorrow, joy is not great;
Peace is great, strength is great.
Not for joy the stars burn, not for joy the vulture
Spreads her gray sails on the air . . .

The grim side of idealism is like the dark side of the moon. It has to be taken into account, it is an aspect of reality, and it cares not at all whether or not it's to our liking. Moreover, a great many intelligent people do not care

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M.L. Rosenthal's most recent book is Poetry and the Common Life *(Oxford University Press).*

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either. Scientists, for instance, often find the physical universe so absorbing that its independence of human joy never strikes them as a reason for despair or any other emotion. (I can hear the voice of some scientist protesting, "It *is* our human joy"—but at this moment I refuse to be diverted.) These are parallel tracks—the guttering out of revolutionary ideas in historical confusion and social reality, and the disappearance of either a god-centered or a human-centered universe. We need to remember that neither the meaning of the past nor the vision of the poets has taken hold of the people. Here in America, for instance, our revolutionary struggles and hard-won democratic premises are almost as little studied as our cherished poet Whitman is read. We should confront these facts at the possible cost of an even stronger despair than Shelley's, lest we continue to be what another great poet, William Carlos Williams, has said we are already: *"We fools! What do we know or care?"*

Consider, for instance, the portion of America known as the Greater New York region. Think of the generations of settlers, farmers, working people, immigrants and migrants; the sheer labor that has gone into the land and the railroads and the factories; the union organization and strikes and defeats and victories; the memories people have brought from the other parts of the world they came from to find another life here; the lost pasts of so many families, the forgotten languages, the evaporation of deep traditions, and all the other broken continuities. The region has a sunken organic history, the changing life realities and inner consciousness of all its overlapping waves of inhabitants. It is sometimes said that America has no traditions. In actuality, what we have suffered from is a welter of neglected traditions: lost connections. A famous poem by Williams begins with this actuality:

The pure products of America
go crazy—
mountain folk from Kentucky

or the ribbed north end of
Jersey
with its isolate lakes and

valleys, its deaf-mutes, thieves
old names
and promiscuity between

devil-may-care men who have taken
to railroading
out of sheer lust of adventure—

and young slatterns, bathed
in filth
from Monday to Saturday

to be tricked out that night
with gauds
from imaginations which have no

peasant traditions to give them
character . . .

Admittedly this poem ("To Elsie," which first appeared in 1923) is an expression of Williams in one of his bitterest moods. But the reason for the bitterness lay in empirical reality. And if we are tempted to say, "Williams was exaggerating; he oversimplified the situation," the answer comes forth readily: "No, he was not exaggerating. He was focusing on *a* troubling truth, and his motive was his wish to be in touch with our secret life, the complex of local American memory that we keep letting go to seed." For Williams is the modern poet who, beyond any other in our country, sought to reconstruct this complex of memory that our sheer carelessness keeps squandering. His long poetic sequence, *Paterson,* is an outstanding work in the revolution of the poets. That revolution has as its battleground the politics of consciousness: the effort to repossess the living stuff of folk memory and its language. To understand how much of the common life is lost daily in triviality, suffering and squalor is to see how tradition itself is neglected and eroded. For tradition is not only a matter of the certified accomplishment of the past. The great systems of thought, documents, works of art have been nourished by all the life, good and bad, around them. A poet like Williams perceives the richness and radiance in the whole complex of ordinary existence. Or let's say he perceives how that ordinary existence, embodied in the experience of individuals, is charged with the power that gives meaning and continuing relevance to the great cultural touchstones of the past.

Paterson is filled with striking revelations (a poet would call them discoveries) of this process. One passage, toward the end of Book III, is an autobiographical account. In it Williams, a pediatrician with a wide family practice among working-class patients in the Paterson, N.J., area, describes making a house call to treat a young woman who had been gang-raped. The passage, which begins "Beautiful thing/I saw you," is too long to be quoted here in its entirety. But it will be clear almost at once to anyone reading it that Williams is doing more than presenting a simple account of an experience that moved and horrified him. Not that the simple account is not itself an important discovery, for the poet's imagination fixes the reality of the scene—the young woman in the basement room:

by the wall on your damp bed, your
long
body stretched out negligently on the
dirty sheet .

Where is the pain?
(You put on a simper
designed
not to reveal)

—the small window with
two panes,
my eye level of the ground, the furnace
odor .

Persephone
gone to hell, that hell could not keep
with
the advancing season of pity.

—for I was overcome
by your amazement and could do nothing
but admire
and lean to care for you in your quiet-
ness—

And later:

—flat on your back, in a low bed
(waiting)
under the mud plashed windows among
the scabrous
dirt of the holy sheets .
You showed me your legs, scarred (as a
child)
by the whip .

Yet even in these brief, largely descriptive passages Williams is seeing reality in the light of the art and myth and human aspirations of the past. His sensitized awareness takes him beyond the brute fact of rape: he can see that unfulfilled, inarticulate desire or needs—in this case, a reaction to a woman's beauty—issues in violence where there are no controlling conditions of regard for persons, no shared meanings to make sexual desirability more than an occasion for assault upon a body. The roots of what Williams called a "common language," that complex of ideas, rituals and intimate mutual regard, have all but shriveled away among great numbers of the population. He sees himself here as visiting a disinherited Persephone. This is not just an arbitrary classical allusion but a reflex of his feeling for the infinite vibrancy of any ordinary life. A few lines further on images from the Unicorn Tapestries come into his mind:

A tapestry hound
with his thread teeth drawing crimson
from
the throat of the unicorn . . .

The sacred unicorn killed by the hounds is an emblem at once pagan and Christian (like the young woman under her "holy sheets") of crucified innocence. Persephone and the unicorn are each part of the symbolic language of past civilizations. They provide contexts for an ordering of life in which beauty and vul-

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nerability are not violated but are important to the cultivation of human regard and tenderness. Without sentimentality, the poet's sense of deep tradition combines naturally with his sense of the vitality of both victim and victimizer; their thwarted life energies seem at once pitiable, contemptible and tragic.

But you!
—in your white lace dress
"the dying swan"
and high-heeled slippers—tall
as you already were—
till your head
through fruitful exaggeration
was reaching the sky and the
prickles of its ecstasy
Beautiful Thing!
and the guys from Paterson
beat up
the guys from Newark and told
them to stay the hell out
of their territory and then
socked you one
across the nose
Beautiful Thing
for good luck and emphasis
cracking it
till I must believe that all
desired women have had each
in the end
a busted nose
and live afterward marked up
Beautiful Thing . . .

Three days in the same dress
up and down .

Ordinary political rhetoric is somewhat irrelevant to what a passage like this reveals—something akin to what, speaking of Scottish history, the poet Hugh MacDiarmid calls "the tragedy of an unevolved people." Our poets have often given themselves to internalizing and objectifying this reality. That is, they have sought adequate forms to contain and project the process by which their minds absorb the experience of others and relate it to their own preoccupations. Williams, for example, draws on various tones and idioms, combining notes of racy, tough-minded immediacy, sophisticated thought or conversation, and dreamy reverie. And MacDiarmid, in the poem I have referred to ("The Glen of Silence"), supplements modern standard English with archaic and Gaelic and scientific words and adds a drop or two of Scottish dialect to the brew.

By this cold shuddering fit of fear
My heart divines a presence here,
Goddess or ghost yclept;
Wrecker of homes. . . .

Where have I heard a silence before
Like this that only a lone bird's cries
And the sound of a brawling burn
to-day
Serve in this wide empty glen but to
emphasize?

Every doctor knows it—the stillness of
foetal death,
The indescribable silence over the abdomen then!
A silence literally "heard" because of
the way
It stands out in the auscultation of the
abdomen.

Here is an identical silence, picked out
By a bickering burn and a lone bird's
wheeple
—The foetal death in this great
"cleared" glen
Where the fear-tholladh nan tighem
has done his foul work
—The tragedy of an unevolved people.

The "presence" in the first stanza is the "wrecker of homes," the supernatural being whose Gaelic name is given in the next-to-last line. A whole world of local Scottish life has been "cleared" away by the English rulers—homes, livelihood, cultural tradition all killed in the womb before they could evolve into a fully developed modern form comparable to that of genuinely independent nations. What one "hears," therefore, is the silence of prematurely dead national life, embodied in the concrete reality of the glen where a population once teemed and flourished in the manner of Blake's "echoing green."

The natural roots of poetry are essentially democratic and revolutionary because inseparable from the deep memories that nourish a poem like "The Glen of Silence." Our greatest poets have understood better than anyone else what is at stake: that there is an uncompleted, and indeed largely unexplored, revolution in the quality of our lives as in our politics, a revolution that will insist on returning their histories—their voices—to the people. It is a revolution that stirs us violently, *in our sleep*. We are, as yet, shut off from anything like its completion, though our poets do proclaim the primal values of kinship, love and community with which it is bound. Lacking a language outside of poetry that would enable us to say without inhibition all that needs to be said and shared, we are divorced from ourselves.

Our poetry has for a long time been assembling the lexicon for that language. It is, as the bearded master said, "waiting patiently, waiting its time." □

A Crowd of Oneself

SELECTED POEMS. *By David Ignatow. Edited, with introductory notes by Robert Bly. Wesleyan University Press. 128 pp. $3.95.*

FACING THE TREE. *By David Ignatow. Atlantic Monthly Press. 108 pp. $3.95.*

JOHN VERNON

I had an argument with a friend about David Ignatow's work that went something like this. I said, there's a sense in which Ignatow is a poet without words. Words make up the surface of the poems, but what's important is what lies underneath them. He tries on and discards words, as if none of them exactly fit. And it's not the finished or accomplished word that counts but the movement of the words, the act of thinking rapidly, of choosing and discarding in the same breath. So the words seem tentative, provisional, and shimmer for a moment with the need to be correct, and then immediately pass. I used as an example of this one of Ignatow's best poems, "Rescue the Dead":

Finally, to forgo love is to kiss a leaf,
is to let rain fall nakedly upon your head,
is to respect fire,
is to study man's eyes and his gestures
as he talks,
is to set bread upon the table
and a knife discreetly by,
is to pass through crowds
like a crowd of oneself.
Not to love is to live.

To love is to be led away
into a forest where the secret grave
is dug, singing, praising darkness
under the trees.

To live is to sign your name,
is to ignore the dead,
is to carry a wallet
and shake hands.

To love is to be a fish.
My boat wallows in the sea.
You who are free,
rescue the dead.

As Robert Bly points out in his Afterword to Ignatow's *Selected Poems*, the words "to live," "to be dead," "to love," and "to be alive" keep on shifting their meanings in this poem. I think this is because Ignatow feels words rather than thinks them, gestures through them rather than with them, as if the words were never quite enough to contain the thought or perception or emotion.

My friend replied: But all we *have* is the words. How do we know that the words aren't enough to contain the emo-

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tion? By reading the words! Actually, if you look closely you'll see that Ignatow's a very conscious craftsman. In "Rescue the Dead," not a word is wasted. The key words may shift in meaning, but Ignatow carefully controls the shifts. If he tries on and discards words, he does it laconically. Words may be inadequate or provisional, but he knows that words are all we have, and that the job of the poet is to use them with precision.

Of course, there's no resolution to this argument. I think Ignatow's strength lies in the fact that we were both right. It's interesting that Robert Bly cites as Ignatow's two masters, Williams and Hemingway, one for whom conscious craftsmanship was artifice, a "beautiful illusion" he wanted to dispel, and the other for whom it was existence itself. Like Williams, Ignatow is a poet to whom words seem to happen, but like Hemingway, he is economical and exact, and also has a sense of language as a kind of ritual with which the writer maintains his grace and balance. He has three poems titled "Ritual," many allegories with a ritualistic flavor, and many poems in which the words seem to exist in order to conjure up a ritualistic dance for the poet. The latter are some of Ignatow's most characteristic moments, because the dance usually emerges out of a kind of groping awkwardness, grace out of gracelessness:

I see bubbling out of the ground:
water, fresh, a pure smell. My mind
too begins to spring. I take
small hops. I enjoy myself
partly because I have the nerve.
Is anybody watching?
I care and don't care,
as I hop, and soon
because nobody is looking I'm leaping
and twisting into awkward shapes,
letting my hands make signs
of a meaning I do not understand.
—"The Life Dance"

Another poem, "Notes for a Lecture," ends with the lines:

Take a broken whiskey bottle,
set it on top of your head
and dance. You have a costume,
you have meaning.

This sense of creating not only meaning but a dance, out of the poorest materials, out of the humble things at hand, is also reminiscent of Williams and Hemingway. In addition, Ignatow sees rituals and patterns as the workingman's curse, but the only things that keep him going. I think that's why he hates and loves to dance, and why all his dances (and rituals) are mock dances as well as celebrations: because he *knows* the sad dance of the paper cutter who "has stood all day in one spot,/pressing first the left/ and then the right button." Of course, for Ignatow himself, the humble things at hand are words, dry, conversational, useful. They exist not for their own sake but for what they can *do*, and what they can do is to teach us about our own lives, and occasionally dance in the process.

Robert Bly looks upon Ignatow as more of a teacher than a dancer, judging from his introductions in the *Selected Poems*. Bly has done a bold and unusual thing in editing this collection, and he has carried it off well. Rather than arranging the poems chronologically, he arranged them according to theme, and wrote short introductions to each of the sections, which have titles like "Working for a Living," "What Clings like the Odor of a Goat," and "The Struggle Between the Statistical Mentality and Eros." The danger of this kind of approach is that the framework can call attention to itself and distract us from the poems, and the poems can become mere illustrations for the editor's ideas. Also, we are robbed of the sense we would get of Ignatow's growth and development if the poems were arranged chronologically. I suppose Bly decided we could get that sense of growth from Ignatow's *Poems 1934-1969*, and that a *Selected Poems* coming after that volume should have other uses. For Bly, the major use is to focus and even organize Ignatow's vision of America, a vision which lies scattered in the collected poems. So this volume is really an act of criticism, an essay on Ignatow by Bly, and on the whole a good one for understanding what Ignatow has written, and a necessary one, considering the lack of intelligent critical attention he's received (this lack is slowly being made up; a recent issue of the journal *Boundary 2* was devoted to Ignatow).

Ignatow does have important things to say about our lives as Americans, and in particular about the ways in which we work for a living. No other poet has recorded as accurately the terror and the hollowness of our working lives, and has understood them as well. Ignatow is sometimes thought of as an uneducated poet, or as someone put it, a poet of the under class, but I know of few poets in this country capable of writing a poem as intelligent and accurate as "Sales Talk":

Better than to kill each other off
with our extra energy is to run after the
bus,
though another be right behind. To run
and to explain to ourselves we have no
time
to waste, when it is time that hangs
dangerously on our hands, so that the
faster
we run the quicker the breezes rushing
by
take time away.
For comfort we must work
this way, because in the end we find
fume-filled streets and murder headlines:
one out of insanity breaks loose:
he could not make that extra effort
to keep connected with us. Loneliness
like a wheeling condor was attracted
to the particle that had strayed apart.
The brief case we carry, the pressed
trousers,
the knotted tie under a white collar
add up
to unity and morale.

Most of Bly's selections are poems of this sort, or poems in which the life of dreams and the unconscious surges up through the routines of everyday life and shatters them. With this approach, Bly manages to include most of Ignatow's best poems, and to help us understand them. There are some serious omissions, though. Few of Ignatow's love poems or poems about his family are here. And a number of his very best poems are missing, particularly the "Prologue" to *Rescue the Dead* and "Nourish the Crops" and "Six Movements on a Theme" from the same book.

Ignatow's *Facing the Tree* is the first volume of new poems he's published since *Rescue the Dead*. On the whole, it's a good book, and develops what Bly saw as a new theme in some of the poems in *Rescue the Dead*, a theme he says he doesn't understand well, but has something to do with a preparation for death. I think this theme has a lot to do with solitude (not loneliness) and isolation, and moves away from the sense of the collective life that Bly sees as dominating Ignatow's work. In *Facing the Tree*, Ignatow is becoming a particle who has strayed apart, but has managed not to be eaten by the wheeling condor. He is a particle because his body continually disappears in this book.

We ran and are still running, it seems,
though our bodies have long since
dropped
from us. We could be the wind rushing
through the trees or the stars moving
out
to the perimeter.
—"I'm Here"

I get the sense of someone who has whittled his life down to a seed or a drop or a spark, and is ready to let that go in the wind and become completely anonymous, invisible. I think this is the dream of someone brought up in a city. Ignatow's poems about the collective life (there are a few in this book) all stress the anonymity and loneliness of it, as well as, occasionally, the strange illusion of power that feeling invisible gives

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you. With this book, that anonymity becomes transformed into an almost Buddhist sense of living beyond the self and beyond the ego, on the other side of things. In one poem, a man floats invisible through an office building, through walls and past desks, and stands in a lobby in a crowd and explodes. In one of the marvelous prose poems in the book, "I Showed Him My Wound," Ignatow says, "I feel I am inhabited by another being," and talks about speaking in a third voice. At the end of the poem, he says: "let me think in this third voice until this body is its dream." Ignatow in this book seems to be becoming another, in the sense that Rimbaud said "myself is another." A lot of this has to do with a strange movement toward and away from earth, an identification with rocks and dirt, and simultaneously a fear of being buried. From the perspective of our collective lives, Ignatow may be telling us that we're fragments of something else—drops of a hurricane, or sparks of a fire, or leaves of a tree whose trunk we can't see, because it's buried so deeply inside us. From the perspective of the particle broken off from the collective, the dominant perspective in this book, Ignatow *is* the leaf who faces the tree he fell from:

A leaf lies shaking
at my door, about to be
blown away.
If I should
bring it into the still
air of my room, it would
lie quietly on the windowsill
facing the tree
from which it fell.

—"Autumn"

What does the leaf feel? Fear and exhilaration and power and grief and happiness and, at times, peace and emptiness.

This book doesn't strike me as being as good as Ignatow's best, *Rescue the Dead,* which is also one of the very best books of poetry published in this country in the last two or three decades. But the strength of *Facing the Tree* is the strength of Ignatow the man, a man struggling to live and die with as much hunger and doubt as most of us use to struggle to make a living, and at the same time struggling not to struggle, to break into a kind of empty ionosphere beyond life and death which is also, he knows, at the center of the earth. □

New Poems by David Ignatow

The following poems are from a new, unpublished manuscript.

FROM THE OBSERVATORY

Each step is to and from an object
and does not echo in heaven
or in hell. The earth vibrates
under the heel or from impact
of a stone. Many stones fall
from outer space and earth itself
is in flight. It heads out
among the stars that are dead,
dying or afire.

IN TRAFFIC

Birds darting across my windshield as I drive,
what are you trying to tell me? Speak up.
I'm entitled to know. How often do you
have to dart past without telling me,
forcing me to guess? Guess what?
Right or wrong? How can I know?
I can look for good fortune in the next
few days and I can also look for signs
of misfortune, to guard myself against
further encroachment on my life,
so I'm adequately prepared by you,
my windshield bird, but let me know one day
in which guess I am right. I'll wait
and be cautious all the while.
Dip your wings in a promise,
but it has happened so fast I can't be sure.

Journey to Order

'When I Am the Earth'

THE FREEING OF THE DUST. *By Denise Levertov. New Directions. 111 pp. $7. Paper $2.25.*

LINDA WAGNER

Denise Levertov's poems have been an important part of the contemporary literary scene for twenty years. When the formalist 1950s relaxed to accept Allen Ginsberg's *Howl* and Robert Creeley's short-lined love poems, Levertov's work offered a kind of middle ground: poems in which rich sound patterns balanced "natural speech"; poems in which a humanistic credo—and the need to express it—overshadowed the mere presentation of an image. From the first, Levertov insisted that a poet had to use all available resources of language. She also declared firmly that every poet had a clear social responsibility.

In *The Freeing of the Dust,* Levertov's eleventh collection of poems, she continues to express these early convictions with even greater persuasiveness. Much of the rancor of her former social poetry has mellowed to an affirmation: bitterness has given way to the tranquillity of "A Place of Kindness" where

someone slow is moving,
stumbling from door to chair
to sit there patiently
doing nothing but be,
enjoying the quiet and warmth. . . .

"Imagination could put forth/gentle feelers there," the poet suggests, cognizant that the traditional role of the poet is to make, to shape. Even the ostensibly Vietnamese poems in this book emphasize reflective scenes (albeit at times ironically), as in the poem "In Thai Binh (Peace) Province," where Levertov's attention falls on "dark sails of the river boats,/warm slant of afternoon light/apricot on the brown, swift, wide river. . . . Peace within the/long war."

Such a change from relative stridency to careful repose suggests not that Levertov's political views have changed but rather that this collection of poems expresses the core of any writer's effectiveness: the humanity that forces one to take stands, the *Angst* of seeing and living in a world that seldom meets ideal standards, but, too, the joy of glimpsing fulfillment at least occasionally. In "From a Plane," the opening poem of this book, Levertov speaks of "a reclamation of order" and "revisioning solace." And as other poems show, that journey to order and revisioning is the province of the poet.

The tone of many of the poems in *The Freeing of the Dust* is more quiet, more satisfied—not with the physical or social circumstances of life but with a human being's ability to cope with those circumstances. There is much emphasis here on exploring the fullest ranges of consciousness and psyche, and I was reminded of her 1972 essay on Ezra Pound (from *The Poet in the World*) in which she praised his writing because

> He stirs me into a sharper realization of my own sensibility. I learn to desire not to know what he knows but to know what I know: to emulate, not to imitate.

Linda Wagner's most recent book is Hemingway and Faulkner: Inventors/Masters.

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Poems here echo with this completion of earlier promise, with the sense of Levertov as person knowing herself, being, and becoming, through both life and art. *The Freeing of the Dust* is an amazingly rich book, giving us the image of Levertov as fully realized poet, humanist, seer, and—not least—as woman. In the process of complete engagement, a poet who is also a woman must, finally, speak with a woman's voice: any denial of that primary identity would play havoc with the self-determination of the poem. There are perhaps too many women who use the crutch of sexual identity to make bad poems effective, but when Levertov creates the feminine identity, as in the evocative "Cancion," its use is powerful:

When I am the sky
a glittering bird
slashes at me with the knives of song.

When I am the sea
fiery clouds plunge into my mirrors,
fracture my smooth breath with crimson
sobbing.

When I am the earth
I feel my flesh of rock wearing down:
pebbles, grit, finest dust, nothing.

When I am a woman—O, when I am
a woman,
my wells of salt brim and brim,
poems force the lock of my throat.

This short poem also suggests the stability of Levertov's performance as poet. She has long been admired for her use of richly sensual language and movement, regardless of a poem's subject matter. She often has written sensually about art, as she does here in "The Poem Rising By Its Own Weight"; and the long-lined rhythms of the poem that seemingly expresses a credo both personal and artistic, "Prayer for Revolutionary Love," are striking illustration

Poems by Gary Soto

THE CREATURE

This morning something
Perched like a bird
On my left shoulder,
And was silent.
If I brushed it away,
It reappeared
Like a premonition.
If I ran,
It clawed deep
Into my coat,
My wool coat,
And closed its eyes—
Or what I thought
Were its eyes.
So, here I was
Walking the town
Perplexed like a priest,
My neck stiff
As a new beard,
And no friend
Waving Hola!
That afternoon
I prayed and lit
A candle for the spirit
Of my wife
Dead two years,
And still this
Creature tightened
And yawned
Into my ear.
At supper in my room,
It ate my bread
And the handle
Of a sharp knife.
To that I said Enough!
And left hatless
For the cantina,
Where again the creature
Lay on my shoulder
Like the hand of someone
Bearing grief.

THE SPACE

West of town,
Near Hermosa's well,
I sleep sometimes—
In a hammock of course—
Among avocado trees,
Cane, spider-grass,
The hatchet-faced chula,
The banana's umbrella
Of leaves.
It is here
In the spiny brush
Where cocks gabble,
Where the javelina
Lies on its side
Like an overturned hi-heel.
I say it is enough
To be where the smells
Of creatures
Braid like rope
And to know if
The grasses rustle
Is only
A lizard passing.
It is enough, brother,
Listening to a bird coo
A leash of parables,
Keeping an eye
On the moon,
The space
Between cork trees
Where the sun first appears.

THE JOURNEY

Bloated on beans, squash,
Goat's milk, I left
Before dawn for Taxco
With a clock
Needing a new face
And God knows what.
I followed the river Calabeza
Brimming with weeds
And lizards
Until it stopped
Where stones climbed
Like a stairway
These terrible hills.
At noon, or close to noon,
The heat rising
To the level of the wind,
I saw an iguana flutter
From under a bush
And vanish into the ribs
Of a fleshless mule.
The crazy thing was smiling.
It is the truth, friend.
When I picked up the ribs,
Turned it over, shook
It like a child,
The iguana did not appear
Or even click its tongue.
So I went on, did not
Look back, but thought
That God was testing me.
I could expect a bush
To flare before my eyes
Or the sky to rain toads
Against the light,
A kingdom of animal shadows—
The Jackal,
The Hummingbird,
The sleepy-eyed Llama,
An iguana munching air—
While the rooster stretches
To the day not yet there.

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of her verbal force.

This latter poem, one of the most effective in the book, emphasizes as well Levertov's almost mystical belief in "the unknown," the anima, the fruit of her ability to open self so that she might transcend self, through experience. Readers have often noticed Levertov's reliance on quasi-religious terms, and the definite spiritual feeling in some of her writing. This stance and vocabulary come to the surface again in these poems.

In many other ways, *The Freeing of the Dust* restates Levertov's strengths as poet. It also impresses with its versatility: there are seven groups of poems, ranging from the political poems to those about love and divorce; from masterful sequences to the single-image poems that reach further than any such poems have a right to. Not a collected or selected work, Levertov's eleventh book gives us the sense that the searching vicissitudes of American poetry during the past half-century have brought us to an art capable of expressing (and first recognizing) "despair" and "wildest joy":

To make poems is to find
an old chair in the gutter
and bring it home
into the upstairs cave;
a stray horse from the pound,
a stray boat on the weedy shore,
phosphorescent.

Then in the broken rocking chair
take off—to reality! □

DOWN THE DRAIN (*Continued from page 116*)

dispatch. It would allow either the House or Senate to veto enforcement of any pollution-control regulations it disagreed with, creating an unusual (possibly unconstitutional) procedure whereby a single house of Congress could, in effect, strike down a law on the books. By threatening to lobby for such suspension of rules they did not like, regulated industries could dictate the terms of their own regulation to an even greater extent than they now do.

The big winners would be developers and construction firms, should the House-passed package be enacted. There is money aplenty in federal grants to cities for building sewage-treatment plants—more money, ultimately, than will have been spent for any other public works program in U.S. history. The House bill adds another $17 billion to the $18 billion already authorized since 1972; needs are ultimately expected to exceed $100 billion. Unfortunately, the bill adds provisions that could give big developers and engineering outfits first crack at much of this money, leaving pollution control and the U.S. taxpayer shortchanged.

One provision—Representative Wright is a sponsor of this too, with Rep. James Cleveland (R., N.H.)—would allow states to give out the grants without the federal review that has been required since the subsidy program began in the 1950s. Several states and the sewage-treatment industry started pushing for this two years ago, when Nixon impoundments and administrative snafus had slowed the flow of funds to a trickle. The logjam has ended, but not the push to circumvent federal scrutiny.

Encouraging states to take a bigger review role would make good sense, but giving them *carte blanche* would not. States and localities face heavy pressures from developers to build bigger—bigger sewer pipes and bigger plants to accommodate maximum growth. The pressure is more difficult for states and local officials to resist when it is largely not their own money they are spending; the federal government picks up 75 per cent of the tab.

Beyond fiscal waste, there is enormous destructive potential in such colossal spending. A multimillion-dollar sewage-treatment plant can, if poorly planned, poison the air with fumes from sludge burning, spur destructive development, drain ground water supplies by moving the water somewhere else, or introduce cancer-causing chemicals into drinking water supplies downstream. The Cleveland-Wright amendment by-passes important safeguards and citizen rights designed to insure that federally funded treatment plants do not do more harm than good, or do not massively squander federal tax dollars. For example, it sets no specific criteria to determine if a state is qualified to approve subsidies, and it repeals the right of citizens to sue for correction of illegal procedures in awarding grants.

Compounding the damage is an outright giveaway to developers sponsored by Rep. Robert Roe (D., N.J.). Under existing law, EPA guidelines require that funds be spent first to clean up serious pollution problems and to benefit large numbers of people. The Roe amendment would eliminate these guidelines. A state would be free to ignore existing pollution and put all its federal money in large sewers for new subdivisions.

Only four years ago, in 1972, Congress overrode a Nixon veto to enact sweeping new water cleanup requirements. Enforcement has floundered predictably in the Nixon-Ford political climate. But at least the law has so far remained intact, to await an administration less subservient to big-time polluters. Significantly, it is not vigorous enforcement but prolonged nonenforcement that has built much of the backlash from polluters. They know they still have a chance to knock out most of the controls before they ever take effect.

Industry lobbies have been mobilizing for some time to nullify industrial cleanup requirements when the next Congress takes up a scheduled major overhaul of the law beginning in 1977. This year's debate had been billed as only a skirmish in the broader battle ahead. But if the recent House-passed changes succeed in the Senate this summer—and that depends heavily on Senators Randolph (D., W.Va.), Muskie (D., Maine), Bentsen (D., Texas), Baker (R., Tenn.), Buckley (R., N.Y.) and other Senate public works members—there may be little left to defend when the next Congress convenes. □

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THE WIND

When the wind howls at the window
with your mother's voice,
when she knocks there with her shoe—
don't leave her out in the cold.
Though you never said anything
she was glad to hear, though
you stopped trying to please her
before you started school, let her in.
It is your life she is battering
with her sad muddy shoe on the panes.
As if you truly need her, as if you mean it,
make room for her in the bed beside you.
She won't open her eyes.
When you take her in your arms
she will fall apart like ashes.
Best not to touch her;
make a hollow in your pillow
for her dust to settle in.
It will be just a spoonful,
enough to stir into your coffee
when you wake up in the morning.

Naomi Lazard

'WHAT THOU LOVEST WELL . . .'

Stepping through burdocks and dry
grass, in summer heat,

I saw two boys dropping rocks
on an old piano, the black wood
splintering, the wires
snapping with harsh twangs.

Someone's fingers were being forced
to let go of their last music.

Lawrence Russ

SAN DIEGO HARBOR AT DUSK

On the horizon, stars break through the fog; below the hotel, the Star of India *lists against the pier under a growing heaviness of spent lives.*

The steel hull strains under the thunder of the distant seas, the harsh light of the shore, the broken wind fit for no sail.

The masts and beams turn salt with the barnacle years: the ship waits for the fullness of dark and one last voyage down the other side of the sky, one last captain, one last crew, and the last of pilgrims wanting only the openness of sea.

The harbor grows with the dusk, and ghosts ride the tide and town, immigrant souls wandering the foreign edge waiting for the passage that will not come.

For these souls this poem, poor payment for what I cannot give: a promise of sails. For this is no hell and I no master of ships.

Jim Barnes

THE HEN

The neck lodged under a stick,
the stick under her foot,
she held the full white breast
with both hands, yanked up and out,
and the head was delivered of the body.
Brain stuck like a lens; the profile
fringed with red feathers.
Deposed, abstracted,
the head lay on the ground like a coin.
But the rest, released into the yard,
language and direction wrung from it,
flapped the insufficient wings
and staggered forward, convulsed, instinctive—
I thought it was sobbing
to see it hump the dust,
pulsing out those muddy juices,
as if something, deep in the gizzard,
in the sack of soft nuggets,
drove it toward the amputated member.
Even then, watching it litter the ground
with snowy refusals, I knew it was this
that held life, gave life,
and not the head with its hard contemplative eye.

Ellen Bryant Voigt

A QUICK DAY IN THE COUNTRY

1.

The mountains, in the thick morning mist,
look like huge beasts waiting for life,
but they're still mountains and nothing else.
I don't believe I seem anything to them:
not the wrong husband, not a hard man,
not the man who'd love to need no one,
not a person whose loving causes harm.

2.

Where are those trees where we always met,
because there, maybe in only shaded light,
I would look at the shadows hollow your face
and believe I felt inside your life and death,
but I haven't since we left, and this afternoon
I'd like to know where those trees are,
although it's not a place I'd be by myself.

3.

This day will always stay quiet,
like an old woman long ruined by love.
Although the trees seem to complain
when the wind makes them dance all night
like a pack of rooted ghosts, I'll not speak
again. If I could, though, I'd tell you
her story, and that she had to love him.

Michael Ryan

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ARCHITECTURE / JANE HOLTZ KAY

"A lot of us began basically in belligerence," Chicago architect Stanley Tigerman was saying to a university audience this spring, looking as truculent as a monkey wrench.

Buildings do not normally invite white heat; they are not designed to incite visitors to riots of emotion. In this, they are now like airplanes (indifferent vehicles of transport) rather than the steamships of half a century ago (emulated for their elegance). Still, anti-incumbency is virulent: down with Presidents, down with politicians; so why not down with architectural establishments? In this case, too, it was clear that anger at exclusion from establishment ranks had led to the revisionist history Tigerman and his colleagues were proselytizing so passionately. Moreover, in Chicago, where architecture is a breakfast food or at least the staple of cocktail party conversation, the fires do burn.

Add all this to a disenchantment with the reigning high-rise mode and the depressed state of design. It is easy then to see why a spirit of rebellion galvanized some who heard that the Bicentennial would bring forth an exhibition of a skyscraper-derived history of Chicago's architecture. From "belligerence" sprang opposition: Tigerman, Stuart E. Cohen, Laurence Booth and Benjamin Weese collected a counter show. The two contrary exhibitions of architecture and history are still doing battle. In the mecca of American architecture this summer, it's Chicago Revisited vs. Revisionist Chicago.

The revisitation is a standard *100 Years of Architecture in Chicago, Continuity of Structure and Form.* It was first assembled in 1973, for export, by the German critic Oswald Grube, and is now slightly enlarged. The second is the manifesto of the new historians. Their "Salon des Refuses" goes under a simpler label, *Chicago Architecture.* Their material is more complicated, intimate and inclusive. While the first show held court last month at the Museum of Contemporary Art, the second made its pitch in the lobby of Chicago's Time-Life Building; conversely, while the high-rise showpieces circulate only in Illinois, the opposition has managed to make a wider swing with its stunning discoveries and open and eclectic examples.

The theory goes that great periods of creativity are followed by great periods of criticism, never the twain meeting. Without vouching for the greatness of the building boom past, pragmatics at least suggest that time hangs heavy and the organizers of the competing Chicago school not only exhibited their designs but in behalf of their counterculture pluralism carried a road show around the country—bad-mouthing the old "officeholders" among the East Coast critics.

If many fail to discern superior virtue in the *manner* of the opposition, there is no question that the anti-incumbent *matter* is more engaging. Where *100 Years* brings us the party line—the high rise as the single stream of history, bred and bound to be the future—*Chicago Architecture* exhumes all manner of lost and lively structures: the picturesque, the private, the unknown are mounted in the exhibition and even more effectively collected in a catalogue by Cohen and Tigerman (The Swallow Press, Chicago).

But what is the meaning of this architectural war of the worlds to us heathen masses? I could never get much into the skin game that passes for architectural history. Until recently, you could put the number of competent architectural historians on the head of a drafting pencil. The *100 Years* collection is the school-book canon: the slowly revealed beauties of glass and steel, mounting ever taller, a progressive, single-track view of architecture; its ultimate would seem to be the mile-high building. Again, I fail to swoon at the beauties of rational engineering, evolving over time, into a form I find an irrational and inhuman manifesto whose symbolic or aesthetic meaning comes only at its peak of power, as when the high rise covers the complete swatch of earth that is Manhattan.

Elsewhere, ill-tied to mortals, the high-rise form seems to me an apt visual symbol of the mindless might of technology and industry. (For an opposing view consult the July *AIA Journal*'s list of the twenty best works of American architecture by its practitioners.) Still it is altogether baffling to see those who are by and large blind to the work of painters and sculptors drooling out praise for minimal sculpted boxes by the likes of I. M. Pei. Look at Boston's ill-fated John Hancock high rise. Even as aficionados of the façade chattered about the merits of this piece, like a tiny sculpture sitting on a table, the mirror building responded by shedding its glass skins.

At any rate, while ears pop painfully going down in the elevator of its consummate kin, the World Trade Center, while high-rise structures sway and overconsume energy, while their wind and fire dangers have yet to be relieved, the skyscraper is enshrined. Aesthetes and academics combine with the business first-ers to exalt private gain over public loss. "The development of two of the most urban building types of modern times—the high rise and the clear span hall—would be almost unthinkable without the contribution of Chicago architecture," the entrenched wisdom thus notes in the *100 Years* catalogue. "One has only to think of the great spans and monumental interior spaces of the Civic Center . . . or of the spectacular height of the John Hancock Center and Sears Tower, economically permissible only through the development of the tubular frame," the exhibitors gee-whiz myopically. Praising the high rise's ability to pack 'em in vs. suburban sprawl, the enthusiasts fail to consider that one is not a substitute for the other—that in fact they are two parts of a *simultaneous* process, day and night versions of the same life styles, twin concomitants of the auto-industrial age. Yet the real alternative—low-rise, high-density in a close woven texture—is common to the point of cliché in design circles.

But where have these students of architecture been? When Nathaniel Owings, one partner in the hero-saints of the high rise, Skidmore, Owings and Merrill, takes to the pulpit against tall buildings; when another partner, Walter Netsch, has for almost a decade been designing work to burst out at odd angles from the box, it is hard to see how the museum patrons could stick so strictly to corporate and linear modes of design.

The "new" school doesn't and it is easy to understand their belligerent opposition. "Only the so-called 'skyscraper' is mentioned," H. P. Berlage noted as early as 1912. "Exorcised from the liturgy" is the way Tigerman describes the treat-

HOMESTEAD

The walls of the old house
lean away like friends
getting ready to leave.

At the edge of the yard
twisted grass holds down
the grey board fence
that is trying to rise
and stand like a circle
of protecting arms

or hands holding an album
whose faces have begun
to fall back into snow,
drifted over by seventy years.

Joseph Bruchac

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ment of anything not straight and slick. *Chicago Architecture* proves his point.

What remarkable visual parallels it makes! The forms of the celebrated architects and those ignored are dramatically alike—a Frank Lloyd Wright house and one by Henry Ives Cobb; a residence by Mies and one by Howard Fisher. You could not say from what is shown here that Mies would be the *pater noster* and Fisher a relative nonentity. The discoveries come apace. The Art Deco days of the 1920s and 1930s, and 1940s before Mies—dismissed as vapid and empty in the conventional codices—produced stunning surprises in the work of the Keck brothers and Andrew Rebori. Rebori's apartment curving around its glass cube windows is a superb statement of its day; a Holabird and Root railroad ticket office is the epitome of the streamline; a gas station and diner would well make the new texts of the hour, and the Kecks's Crystal House and Rebori's designs would seem to be well on their way to enshrinement. Whether early eclectic with rich masonry or far-out fantasy, here it is clear: many created but few were chosen gods of creation. Whether a Disneyesque historic Market Square or the delightfully offbeat "Century of Progress" brick hexagon by Rebori, it is equally apparent that the playful, the visionary, the asymmetrical of the past were underground art before the explorations of the revisionists.

It is easy to enjoy such finds. But, alas, there is a bit of blurring by the belligerents, too, and that is less easy to accept. Their history is no wild horse simply unleashed. The pale rider of self-interest is here, taming and directing the route. Less metaphorically: the faces of the younger discoverers of the "new" school are conveniently spliced in among the discoveries; the works of the current generation are tucked conspicuously among the unsung specimens of the lost one. It is a minor and forgivable vanity, to be sure; but it comes close to the partisanship of those they oppose. And it is not too far from the hog-butcher-for-the-world boosterism that caused the bias in the first place.

Railing against "taste-making forces from the East," the revisionists update their architecture with some wryly amusing but chauvinistic notes that they have "as many masonry perversions as the eclectic architecture of the East Coast." Claiming, weirdly, that "the bay as a device is a peculiar Chicago phenomenon," they become boisterous and self-inflating in their new-found variety. "We have all this," they exult, "and the skeleton frame too." Everything booming but the guns.

The truth of the matter, however, is not so cheerful. The truth is that architecture in Chicago—as opposed to Chicago Architecture—is nothing to brag about on the large; in fact it may be the most faddish and commercially calculated in the United States.

Style has always supplanted style in Chicago's conspicuous consumption, its ruthlessness toward ancestry or environment. Even before the great fire, "Greek Revival Chicago had been wiped out for fashion's sake," as Thomas Eddy Tallmadge wrote in his 1940 *Architecture in Old Chicago* (re-released by the University of Chicago Press). "Perhaps one shouldn't expect a great corporation to carry a building that is unsound or unprofitable for sentimental reasons," he says with reference to the destruction of the Marshall Field Wholesale Warehouse, the finest H.H. Richardson structure in town, "but this building was as strong as a cliff of granite, and it is unbelievable that no use could have been found for it." Sins of the children: the Richardson firm tore it down. That is the logical extension of the my-style-most approach, it seems to me—the egomaniacal genius of this design-conscious town.

Chicago is a mecca for architectural aficionados, but the flattening of mecca goes on pell-mell outside the windows of the cocktail party. Why this should be is hard to know. Is the restless pursuit of new architecture here merely an extension of self-display, a kind of public peacock-ism? Is there a blindness to bigger urban design issues? Is the larger city still given short shrift in the latest battles? I suspect so. For, whether skyscraper-minded or welcoming a wider formal range—old school or new—the two camps seem similar. Both war on that old turf of the single structure: the one is for the sleek; the other for the quirkily individual. But both survey the same coffee table and the same architecture-as-object. It is shimmying there all alone, neighborless and unpeopled. The fact that both sides manage even to endorse the same structures (the Reliance Building is appropriated for different uses, as are projects by the same architects, the Weeses, Ben Goldberg and Netsch) may show the constricted and oververbal approach to design.

Ruminate, cogitate, contemplate, it is altogether too easy then to see this battle of the bulges and lose sight of the ideas behind the exhibitions. True, there are important philosophies packed with the traveling shows: expansiveness vs. too-narrow selection; romance and poetry vs. science and reason. It is safe to say, however, that most viewers will be unable to glean all that from the exhibitions and there is too little to touch the immediate concerns of those ill served by their cities and the architecture conceived herein.

The passions are a pleasure to see, in a way; the popularity of the shows, the white heat that marks architecture as a matter of concern. But their target, it seems to me, is wrong. The evil gods are not other architects but indifference. The incumbents are not tyrants of design so much as those who enlist and co-opt them are tyrants of the dollar. And it might have been better to rant louder against the ill made and the ill housed while lambasting the exponents of this façade or that form. For in the end, if these campaigners (not unlike politicians at large) simply install new faces and new orthodoxies for old, what does it matter? If their belligerence becomes just another wind machine it will only churn hot air high above the ravaged landscape. □

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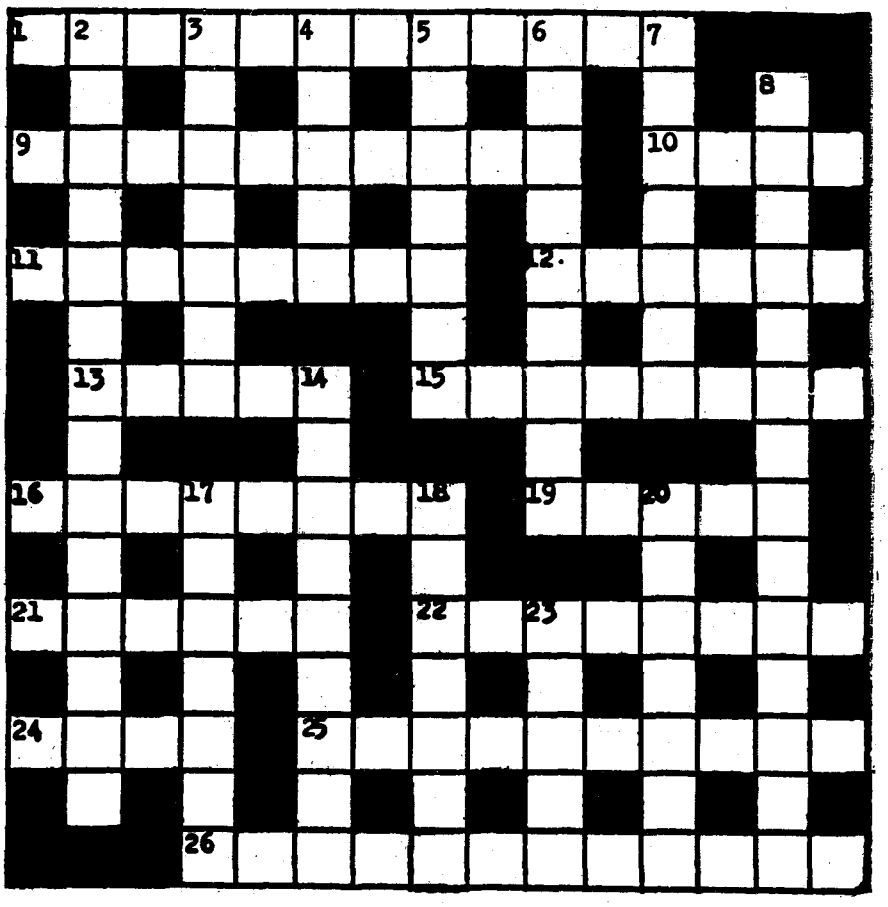
Crossword Puzzle No. 1642

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 With a D or better, and far from plain, it might provide a momentary interest. (7,5)
9 What refers incorrectly to a certain type of fishing, for example. (5-5)
10 Could be a bad lisp is caused by a slip, but not of the tongue. (4)
11 Even a loafer could be kept in good shape by one. (8)
12 Order to cease and desist? A brief case might. (4,2)
13 In France, part of the words and music. (5)
15 No sticking to the body if one does. (8)
16 Don't pay any attention—on the record, it's nothing but a sort of nut. (8)
19 Why, as some think it sounds, a German double quartet barely made the boat. (5)
21 Directors may cry for it. (6)
22 Solo: "Up! Up!" (Arranged for a lot of people in such a place.) (8)
24 Color that shouldn't run if associated with the head of 14. (4)
25 Such things as Abou Ben Adhem's angel might have been making. (10)
26 Minor pains, when internally sick, end up with a true cad showing signs of vulnerability. (8,4)

DOWN

2 Strangely enough, he might be associated with a copperhead. (7,7)
3 Butler character, possibly. (7)
4 There's a point to a pitcher being not so old. (5)
5 Founders, one sometimes hears, with the lard belonging to the girl. (7)
6 Boreal, perhaps. (9)
7 A record for Christmas, being a symbol of the times. (4,3)
8 Sisyphus certainly had one. (6,8)
14 6? Exactly so! (4,5)
17 If you saw one go by, would it be a 1 across? (7)
18 The type that has quite a bit coming up about it, is newsworthy. (7)
20 Like a young member of the horsey set. (7)
23 Say, what is the object, for example? (You can't say you don't have spare parts!) (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1641

ACROSS: 1 Anglo-Americans; 9 Treason; 10 Availed; 11 Ox-tail; 12 Decrease; 14 Seaport; 17 Eagle; 19 Extinct; 21 Verified; 23 Embryo; 25 Inferno; 26 Contend; 27 Before and after. DOWN: 1 Authorize; 2 Ghettos; 3 Obstinate; 4 Many; 5 Real estate; 6 Chair; 7 and 21 Null and void; 8 Edge; 13 and 15 Love me, love my dog; 15 Monomania; 16 Gunpowder; 18 Giraffe; 20 Torment; 24 Scan.

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